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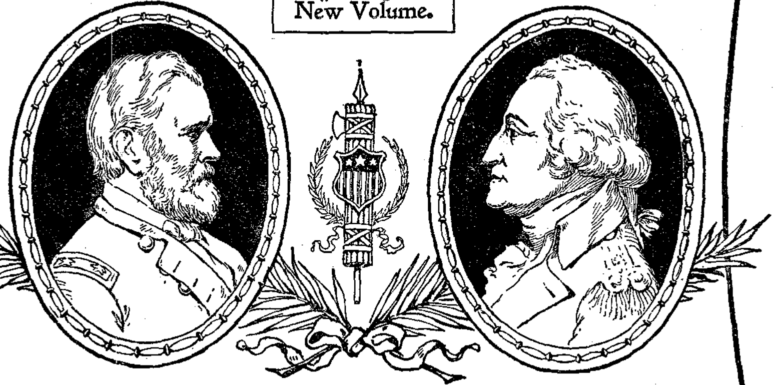

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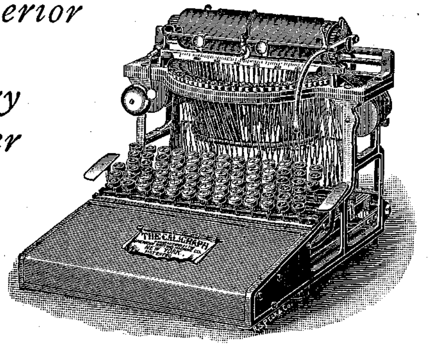

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 31 October, 1896 Number 18

AMONG the signs which point to an increasing expectation of defeat among the leaders of the free silver coinage party is an apparent attempt on the very eve of the election to change the issue, or at least to confuse it, and the resort to some counsels which it is impossible to regard as worthy of serious consideration by honorable men. Among these is Mr. Bryan's advice to workingmen to wear McKinley buttons, march in McKinley parades, and even contribute to McKinley funds, while voting and secretly laboring for McKinley's defeat. The Australian secret ballot does not afford even a specious excuse for such a course. A secret ballot has no analogy and gives no support to hypocrisy in political action. We print in another column ex-President Harrison's condemnation of this counsel and make it our own. We do not doubt that there have been some sporadic attempts by employers to coerce their employees into voting for McKinley, for neither all the fools nor all the knaves are yet dead, and sometimes one who is both amasses money enough to be a small employer of labor, or has shrewdness enough to get a subordinate position in a great corporation. There have been, apparently, well-authenticated cases of some small-minded and short-sighted employers dishonestly paying wages in Mexican dollars as an "object-lesson"—which of course it is not—or warning their workingmen that stoppage of the factory and dismissal of the hands would follow Mr. Bryan's election. But such cases are certainly rare. Nor can we think the workingmen who are wearing McKinley buttons, marching in McKinley processions, and carrying McKinley flags, while intending to vote for Mr. Bryan, are much more numerous. That there is a large silent vote in this country is unquestionable; that there is a large hypocritical one we do not believe. Workingmen are not cowards, and all hypocrisy is cowardice. The assertion, whoever makes it, that any considerable body of American workingmen are Bryan voters and McKinley paraders is an insult to the class; and counsel to enact a lie for the sake of a chance to earn a livelihood is counsel to play a coward's part. The Outlook repeats, alike for the benefit of employer and employed—though with a strong conviction that there are very few in either rank who need the affirmation—the strong and sinewy declaration of ex-President Harrison:

> I WOULD HAVE THE WORKINGMAN ASSERT HIS MANHOOD: NOT ONLY VOTE AS HE PLEASES, BUT WEAR THE BUTTON THAT HE PLEASES, MARCH IN THE PARADE THAT HE PLEASES, AND ASK NO MAN'S CONSENT.

⁂

Quite as bad in spirit as the counsel to play the part of cowards, and more dangerous in possible results, is the attempt to set the workingmen as a class against employers as a class. So long as this attempt was made only in speeches we passed it by, partly because speeches are at best very inaccurately reported, partly because such appeals may ordinarily be disregarded as part of the froth and foam of politics. But the official pronunciamento from the free silver headquarters, issued with the approval of the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, gives to this method a significance which it did not possess when confined to rhetorical paragraphs clipped from political speeches. This pronunciamento declares—what is certainly not true—that "it is generally admitted by Chicago manufacturers that the election of McKinley will be followed by a reduction in wages" varying from 10 to 25 per cent., and advises workingmen, if in doubt as to the truth of this assertion, to appoint a committee to confer with the employers. "Let this committee ask," says the circular, "for an agreement in writing either that wages shall be raised in the event of the election of Mr. McKinley or that the present rate of wages shall be maintained, or, finally, demand an absolute guarantee that no cut in wages shall follow the triumph of the single gold standard. This will settle the whole business. Do not take any one's word for it. Have a contract made and signed, and let it specify at least two years in which there shall be no material wage reduction." The men who have issued this document must know that honest and honorable business men cannot and will not make pledges unless they *know* that they can fulfill them, and that intelligent business men, however hopeful they may be of better times in the event of McKinley's election, have not and cannot have any such assurance of it as would justify their making contracts which, if their reasonable hopes were disappointed, they could not fulfill. This proclamation can be regarded only as a deliberate, and we fear we must say unscrupulous, attempt to stir up class antagonisms for political effect. We are of the opinion that the recoil of this gun will be more dangerous than its discharge.

⁂

As the political campaign nears its end, the fight in the Central Western States, which are the real battle-ground, becomes hotter and sharper. Probably not in the memory of living men has a political contest in these States been carried on with such thoroughness of detail, in discussion, dissemination of literature, and canvassing of individual voters. The farmers in these great States have been visited by representatives of both parties, have been deluged with reading matter of all kinds, and have finally been counted on one side or the other. The Republican National Committee has probably in its possession the results of the most complete and accurate pre-election canvass ever made. The State of Michigan affords a good illustration of what is going on in its sister States. There is hardly a town of any size in that State which is not hearing daily addresses on both sides of the currency question. In Detroit a meeting in opposition to free silver coinage has been held every weekday from twelve to one o'clock for two months, and the great hall has been packed on each successive day. The free-silver men have held similar continuous meetings on the steps of the City Hall and elsewhere, and the whole State may be said to be a seething caldron of political discussion and campaign work; all this in the most orderly fashion and without any great evidences of excitement; certainly entirely without violence. There are few signs of bitterness, in spite of the great earnestness of feeling on both sides. The general drift of opinion seems to be that Mr. McKinley will be elected; that the sentiment against free coinage has been rapidly gaining ground in many quarters during the past few weeks; and that some of the Central Western States which were doubtful at the beginning may now fairly be counted on the Republican side.

◆

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the original charter to the College of New Jersey, long known as Princeton College, was celebrated last week under clear skies, amid autumnal splendors, and in the presence of the most distinguished company of scholars ever gathered in this country, and of a great body of alumni. The exercises began on Tuesday, when the first academic procession, splendid in gown and hood, made its way from Marquand Chapel to Alexander Hall, where President Patton preached on "Religion and the University." In the afternoon there was a reception to the delegates of other institutions of learning, the address of welcome being responded to by President Eliot, of Harvard, on behalf of the American universities and scientific societies, and by Professor Joseph John Thomson, of Cambridge University, on behalf of the Old World universities and scientific societies. A formal reception in the library followed, and the day ended with a concert by the Damrosch Orchestra, the programme being especially appropriate to the occasion. Wednesday was in certain respects the most interesting day of the three, and the streets of Princeton were crowded in the early morning, while decorations made the old town gay with orange and black. The academic procession was watched with the greatest interest as it approached Alexander Hall, headed by President Patton, Dr. Charles E. Green, and Governor Griggs.

◆

The ode read by Dr. Henry van Dyke was characteristically felicitous in expression and clear in thought, with a ringing moral quality. It touched with a fine and strong hand the salient features in the history of Princeton, and interpreted sympathetically the spirit of its history. A few characteristic lines reveal its quality:

"I see thee standing in a lonely land
But late and hardly won from solitude,
    Unpopulous and rude,—
On that far Western shore I see thee stand,
Like some young goddess from a brighter strand,
While in thine eyes a radiant thought is born,
Enkindling all thy beauty like the morn,
And guiding to thy work a powerful hand.
Sea-like the forest rolled in waves of green,
And few the lights that glimmered, leagues between,
High in the north, for fourscore years alone
Fair Harvard's earliest beacon-tower had shone;
Then Yale was lighted, and an answering ray
Flashed from the meadows by New Haven Bay.
But deeper spread the forest, and more dark,
Where first Neshaminy received the spark
Of sacred learning to its frail abode,
And nursed the holy fire until it glowed.
Thine was the courage, thine the larger look,
That raised yon taper from its humble nook;
Thine was the hope, and thine the stronger will,
That built the beacon here on Princeton hill.
'New light!' men cried, and murmured that it came
From an unlicensed source with lawless flame;
It shone too free, for still the church and school
Must only shine according to their rule.
But Princeton answered, in her nobler mood,
'God made the light, and all the light is good.
There is no war between the old and new;
The conflict lies between the false and true.
The stars, that high in heaven their courses run,
In glory differ, but their light is one.
The beacons, gleaming o'er the sea of life,
Are rivals, but in radiance, not in strife.
Shine on, ye sister towers, across the night!
I, too, will build a lasting home for light.'"

Professor Woodrow Wilson's address on "Princeton in the Nation's Service" brought out in clear light the extraordinary place which Princeton has filled through her graduates in the public life of the country.

◆

In the afternoon there was the usual football game, watched by six thousand people, in which Princeton was easily victorious. After dark came the feature of the celebration, which belonged specially to the undergraduates, and which contributed a picturesque element to the stately academic festival. This was the torchlight procession, made up of graduates of the University from a long series of classes and ending with a great crowd of undergraduates; torches flashing from end to end of the line, with humorous transparencies and floats with apt and witty local hits, illuminations from electric lamps and endless rows of Chinese lanterns, and a general air of gayety and good fellowship characteristic of an institution whose social life is exceptionally agreeable. Thursday marked the culmination of the exercises, which may be said to have been reached when President Patton announced, in Alexander Hall, that the College of New Jersey is hereafter to be known as Princeton University, and that the sum of $3,353,491 has been given as a kind of centennial endowment fund to be devoted to different purposes. A large number of degrees were conferred upon scholars and men of distinction in different ranks of life; in fact, modern scholarship has never been more generously, or, on the whole, more discriminatingly, recognized than on this occasion. Among the literary men who received academic recognition were Professors Baird, Lounsbury, and March; Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder.

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President Cleveland, whose presence had everywhere been greeted enthusiastically, was the orator of the day, and rose fully to the occasion, his exposition of the college man's duty as a citizen being characteristically urgent in its emphasis upon patriotism and duty. The dignity of the utterance and the deep emotion of the speaker were widely commented upon. The peculiar function of the universities in public crises was very happily suggested in a paragraph:

> "While the excitement of party warfare presses dangerously near our National safeguards, I would have the intelligent conservatism of our universities and colleges warn the contestants in impressive tones against the perils of a breach impossible to repair. When popular discontent and passion are stimulated by the arts of designing partisans to a pitch perilously near to class hatred or sectional anger, I would have our universities and colleges sound the alarm in the name of American brotherhood and fraternal dependence. When the attempt is made to delude the people into the belief that their suffrages can change the operation of natural laws, I would have our universities and colleges proclaim that those laws are inexorable and far removed from political control. When selfish interest seeks undue private benefit through governmental aid, and public places are claimed as rewards of party service, I would have our universities and colleges persuade the people to a relinquishment of the demand for party spoils and exhort them to a disinterested and patriotic love of their Government for its own sake, and because in its true adjustment and unperverted operation it secures to every citizen his just share of the safety and prosperity it holds in store for all. When a design is apparent to lure the people from their honest thoughts and to blind their eyes to the sad plight of National dishonor and bad

> faith, I would have Princeton University, panoplied in her patriotic traditions and glorious memories, and joined by all the other universities and colleges of our land, cry out against the infliction of this treacherous and fatal wound. I would have the influence of these institutions on the side of religion and morality. I would have those they send out among the people not ashamed to acknowledge God, and to claim his interposition in the affairs of men, enjoining such obedience to his laws as makes manifest the path of National perpetuity and prosperity."

The festival ended with a great dinner in the evening, and Princeton University is to be congratulated on the good taste, the dignity, and the variety which characterized the elaborate exercises. The task of making the arrangements for the occasion was a very heavy one; it fell largely upon the shoulders of Professor West, who discharged it with extraordinary energy, judgment, and success. The whole country will unite in an expression of hearty good will to Princeton University, so long eminent for the patriotic service and work of its graduates.

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These brilliant academic exercises in Princeton were followed on Saturday by academic exercises in New York City less impressive to the eye but not less indicative of educational life and progress. The new site of Barnard College on Morningside Heights, opposite the grounds of Columbia College, was formally dedicated by the laying of the corner-stones of two new and imposing buildings—Milbank Hall and Brinckerhoff Hall. The day was fair, the sky bright, and there was a great concourse of the friends of higher education for women in this city. The procession, which moved at half-past two from the Teachers' College, included many of the most prominent people in the city; there was a goodly number of college men in academic costume, and touches of color here and there gave an element of picturesqueness to the company. The addresses were made by Bishop Potter, President Low, and Mr. W. C. Brownell, temporary Chairman of the Trustees of Barnard College. The speeches were brief, as such speeches ought to be, but they were full of stimulating memories and of inspiring hopes. President Low and Bishop Potter share the gift of always having something to say and of saying it. The corner-stone of Milbank Hall was laid by the daughter of Mrs. A. A. Anderson, who places herself, by her generous benefaction, in the noble company of the founders of colleges; and that of Brinckerhoff Hall by Miss Emily James Smith, the Dean of the College. The large block of ground on the Boulevard which is to be the site of Barnard College cost $160,000; Milbank Hall is to cost $170,000, and Brinckerhoff Hall about $130,000. The friends of the College have therefore secured during the past four years about half a million dollars. The institution now needs another half-million as an endowment. Those New Yorkers who have walked over the ground at Morningside Heights and have been able to see in imagination the group of buildings which is soon to crown what may be fitly called the acropolis of the island, have caught a vision of the greater metropolis that is to be—a vision which needs to be translated into stone and mortar, beautiful grounds, and magnificent endowments by the generosity of those who have found in this city the opportunities of fortune. Every man who has made a competency in New York owes it to New York to share his prosperity with the community. It is this spirit which has given Chicago so intense a civic life, and has built up a great metropolis in so short a time. Half a million dollars endowment for Barnard College is sorely needed.

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Eternal vigilance seems to be the price of public forest reservations. They appeal so deeply to the cupidity of mankind that they become the constant prey of numerous forms of vandalism, many of which succeed in masking themselves under the guise of public benefit. For many years efforts have been on foot among far-seeing and patriotic citizens of New York State to secure the enlargement and permanent protection of the Adirondack reservation. Its importance to the water system of the State, and as a conservator of health and natural beauty, has compelled the long-delayed, almost reluctant, attention on the part of the lawmaking power, but without materially curbing the greed of those who found their account in the spoliation of the timber. Some time before the assembling of the last Constitutional Convention it was discovered that the laws regulating the cutting of trees within the reservation were utterly ineffective, by reason of the lack of support in local public sentiment. In executing permits to cut the larger timber the most wanton destruction resulted, and a flagrant disregard of the interest of the State was exhibited. After long and careful examination of the question by the late Constitutional Convention, a proviso was incorporated in the Constitution, at the instance of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, prohibiting altogether the cutting of timber on public lands. This we believe was the only proviso of the Constitution which received the unanimous vote of the Convention, and the ratification of the Constitution by the people seemed to place the reserve beyond reach of the lumberman's ax. But the enemies of trees were not to be so speedily outwitted, and at the last Legislature a constitutional amendment was proposed, which is to be voted upon on the 3d of November, virtually undoing the reform already accomplished, by permitting the leasing of five-acre plots.

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The one specious argument under which this is urged, and which, we regret to say, has the support of the State Fisheries, Game, and Forest Commission, is the old one—that it will prove "a source of revenue to the State." This argument is a measure of the depth to which the State policy on this subject may descend. Here is a great forested region in the hands of the State, the spoliation of which would inflict a calamity upon the entire watershed of northern New York, as well as upon the canal system of the State, to the ultimate destruction, moreover, of the sanitary advantages of the Adirondacks, which the advocates of the new amendment affect to have at heart. Its preservation is beyond considerations of expense. It would be better from every point of view that the Adirondack reserve should remain intact, even if it were to be a considerable charge upon the taxpayers of the State—a remote contingency; for if the destruction of the forests which are now in private hands in the vicinity of the public reservation continues at the present rate, there is no doubt that the time will come when the principle of eminent domain will have to be invoked to save what is left. The leasing of small tracts throughout the park would simply result in the defeat by piecemeal of the main object for which the park was originally established. Voters would do well in this matter to follow the lead of the New York Board of Trade and of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in opposing at the polls this vicious amendment.

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The semi-centennial of the American Missionary Association, of which we give a report in another column, was more than a local or a denominational jubilee. When this Association was formed, the slave power apparently dominated the continent. Texas had been annexed, with a promise that four new slave States should be organized.

out of it. The Mexican War was bringing another immense territory into the United States, which, but for the discovery of gold in California and the unexpected growth of anti-slavery sentiment in the North, would have been largely if not wholly given over to slavery. The two great political parties were bidding against each other for the vote of the slave States. The great missionary societies and a majority of the churches were silent respecting slavery or apologetic for it. This was the hour when a few earnest men, who did not think they must abandon Christianity because they were philanthropists, organized the American Missionary Association to preach a law embodied in the Golden Rule, and a Gospel which should proclaim liberty to all men—the law of human brotherhood and the gospel of freedom. The half-century of our noblest National life was remembered in Boston in this Jubilee celebration. It will be adequately celebrated only by a life of fifty years as courageous, honest, far-seeing, and devoted in completing the work which emancipation only began.

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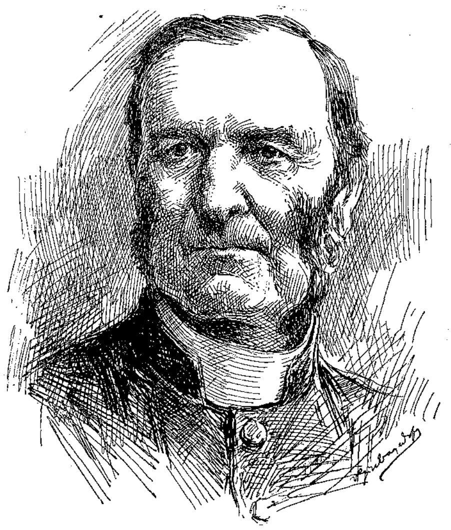
All prophecies that we have seen have been disproven in the appointment of the successor to the late Dr. Benson as Archbishop of Canterbury. The great office has been filled by the choice of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London, Provincial Dean of Canterbury, and Dean of the Chapels Royal. Dr. Temple is one of the ablest men in the Church; the only occasion for surprise at the appointment is furnished by his age; he is now about seventy-five years old. He has had a distinguished career both at the University and in the Church. He graduated at Oxford with the highest honors, after which he became a tutor there; later was master at Rugby, and afterward Bishop of Exeter. In 1885 he was appointed Bishop of London. He is the author of the first of the seven "Essays and Reviews" about which there was great controversy some years ago. He is a striking example of the tendency towards conservatism which often comes with age. A few years since he was recognized as a somewhat extreme Liberal; now he is regarded as a somewhat extreme Conservative: formerly he was a Broad Churchman; now he is a High Churchman. The honor could not have been more worthily conferred, and it has fallen upon the one next in the line of succession, although that order has not usually been observed in the past. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone offered the position to Dean Church before it was conferred upon Dr. Benson. If he were twenty years younger, a great career might be predicted for the new Primate. Under the circumstances his term of office must be brief, and no great innovations need be expected.



The New Archbishop of Canterbury

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Several recent incidents indicate a better hope for the future of the Armenians—though the indications are slight, and not too much can be safely deduced from them. The Black Sea, apart from special treaty, is an open sea, to which any naval or commercial power would have right of access through the Dardanelles. But by the Treaty of London of 1871 the parties to that treaty agreed that foreign ships of war should not exercise this right without the consent of the Porte previously obtained. The United States is not a party to that treaty, and therefore is not bound by its provisions. The semi-official announcement that permission would not be granted to the United States to send a war-ship through the Dardanelles was replied to by fitting out the Bancroft, a vessel small enough to be within the limits of a guard-ship for the use of our Ambassador, such as the other Powers maintain in the Golden Horn. The Turk understands actions better than words, and the present indications are that not only will the Bancroft be allowed to pass up the Dardanelles, but that its presence will materially expedite some long and vexatiously delayed negotiations; that the Porte will abandon the claim hitherto maintained that a Turk cannot be naturalized and become a United States citizen without the Sultan's consent; that he will recognize as American citizens returning Armenians if naturalized and provided with United States passports; and that families of such Armenians will be hereafter permitted to come to the United States. Not less significant is the fact that the official organ of the Russian Government at St. Petersburg has suddenly learned that Christians have been massacred by the Turks at Van, which is near the Russian frontier. This, we believe, is the first information which has reached the Russian press of the Armenian massacres, and it indicates that Russia may be preparing to move on Turkey; if so, it is probably with the consent and approbation of Great Britain.

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The criticism of Mr. Gladstone's position by the Rosebery portion of the Liberal party has apparently done nothing to change his opinions or lessen his courage. The cable announces a letter written by him last week and read at a meeting in London called to protest against Turkish atrocities. He is reported to have said that it would be a wild paradox to say that the enforcement of British treaty rights to stop the systematic massacres in Turkey would provoke hostilities from the Powers. He added that it would be abandoning duty and prudence to advertise beforehand, for the ears of the Great Assassin, that British action was limited to what the most backward of the Six Powers deemed sufficient. Following this comes Mr. Gladstone's cablegram to the managers of the Armenian meeting in New York City: "I rejoice in the rescue of any faction of the Armenians from the fangs of the Great Assassin. So long as the inaction of the Powers continues, the situation will be shameful as well as sad, but the deeds are recorded both in Heaven and before man, and constantly accumulating horrors may yet work the downfall of that crying iniquity known as the Turkish Empire." *Per contra* is the extraordinary report that the German Emperor has taken this time to present to the Sultan a portrait of himself and, of all things most incredible, *his wife*, as a special token of his friendly regard, and, it is hardly too much to say, a notification to the other European Powers that any attack on the Porte will be regarded as an attack on his own personal friend, which Germany will be bound in honor to resent and resist. That in case of war Austro-Hungary would join her forces with those of Germany is certain; it is not certain whether Italy could keep out of the war, or, if she engaged in it, where she would be found. Terrible as a general European war would be, impossible as it is to see what would be the final issue, it is almost absolutely certain that it would end the domination of the Turk and result in the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire. Some events are worse than war; such an event is cowardly acquiescence in wholesale massacre.

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The Italian royal wedding by which Princess Helen of Montenegro becomes the Crown Princess of Italy is a matrimonial event of no ordinary importance. It is known that the present Czar has had a friendly interest in furthering this event, both from family and from political reasons. So pleased was Alexander III. with the matrimonial alliances of two daughters of the Prince of Montenegro with members of the Russian royal family that he wished his son to become the husband of Princess Helen. The son, however, willed otherwise, but was enough impressed with the beautiful princess to have especial attention shown her at the Moscow coronation, and to see that she and the Crown Prince of Italy saw as much of each other as possible. The result is the marriage which was celebrated with fitting ceremonies in Rome on Saturday of last week. The impulsive and generous Italians are overjoyed at the event, for Victor Emanuel had advanced beyond the age when most princes marry. It has been an open secret that for years King Humbert has been endeavoring to obtain for his son a proper matrimonial alliance. Protestants were ruled out, of course, and there was slim chance of obtaining the hand of any Catholic princess, since the royal house to which she belonged had to choose between recognizing the King or abandoning fealty to the Pope. The difficulty, as we have seen, has been solved by Princess Helen, who from the Greek Catholic Church becomes a convert to the Roman Catholic. Up to within a few months the relations between Russia and Italy have been much strained on account of the Abyssinian war, but as the Prince of Montenegro was once spoken of by Alexander III. as "the only friend I have in Europe," it is understood that the strain has now been relieved. With Italy more and more drawn to Russia, and consequently to France, it is easy to see that the Triple Alliance may one day lose its weakest member.

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The difficulties of the Spanish Government do not diminish as time goes on. On the one hand, the concession of anything like autonomy to Cuba would probably mean not only the overthrow of the Cánovas Ministry, but would very likely imperil the existence of the monarchy itself; on the other hand, the enormous expenses involved in the hitherto futile attempt to reconquer the island have brought Spain to the verge of bankruptcy. Money must be raised in large amounts, but the indications are that a loan cannot be made unless the Government's policy in Cuba is radically changed. No money will be forthcoming from European capitalists until there is a decided change in the Cuban situation, either in the way of decisive Spanish successes or of a great reduction of expenses. Neither of these conditions is likely to be secured.

The Political Issues

IV.—Safeguards of Democracy

History abundantly demonstrates that a chief peril of democracy lies in the unregulated and unrestrained passions of the populace. The judgment of the common people can be trusted when there is time to call it into exercise. But wise judgment requires deliberation, and deliberation requires time; too often masses of men acting together without deliberation, and inciting each other's illusive hopes or feverish fears, create now a sanguine delusion, now a perilous panic, the one as groundless as the other. This tendency of the mass to become a mob and of the mob to act without reason is sufficiently familiar to the student of history, sufficiently evident to the reflective student of our own times; it needs not here to be either demonstrated or illustrated.

To guard against this dangerous tendency of democracy and save it from self-destruction, the framers of the United States Constitution provided three restrictions on the otherwise absolute power of the majority. They discarded the single chamber which had been attempted by France—though afterwards abandoned even there—and provided a United States Senate, which could not be radically changed at a single National election. They framed a written Constitution, and reserved to the States all the powers not in that Constitution expressly delegated to the Federal government. And they provided a Supreme Court, whose members, elected for life, would be as independent of popular prejudice and passion as permanency of tenure could make them, and to the final arbitrament of this independent tribunal referred all questions which might arise as to the respective powers, under the Constitution, of the Executive and Legislative Departments. The ablest political writers, both English and American, have recognized in the Supreme Court the greatest contribution made in recent history to the science of self-government. Any attempt to weaken the threefold restraint which democracy has thus put upon itself—by the construction of the Senate, the supremacy of the written Constitution, and the authority of the Supreme Court—is fraught with peril to self-government upon this continent. Is such an attempt implied in that clause of the Democratic platform which intimates a possible method of overcoming the decision of the Supreme Court respecting the constitutionality of the income tax law? That clause is as follows:

> "We declare that it is the duty of Congress to use all the constitutional power which remains after that decision, or which may come from its reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted, so that the burden of taxation may be equally and impartially laid, to the end that wealth may bear its due proportion of the expenses of the government."

The Outlook does not believe in a Federal income tax. But it is perfectly legitimate for those who do so believe to employ in favor of the imposition of such a tax all the constitutional power which remains after the Supreme Court's decision. Whatever is objectionable in this plank of the Chicago platform is comprised in the apparently innocent words "or which may come from its reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted." Whether these words are innocent or menacing depends upon the construction given to them. For there are three ways in which that Court may be hereafter so constituted as to reverse its decision. The number of Judges may be increased by Congress, and the increased number may be appointed by the President for the purpose of reversing the income-tax decision. This is a perfectly possible method of reconstituting the Supreme Court, and it is one which would wholly destroy its moral power. The decision of such a Court would have no greater moral influence than the decision of the party whose creation it was and whose decree it registered. Or, without any such instant reversal of its decision by partisan legislation, when from time to time death produced vacancies, the President, or successive Presidents, might appoint Judges for the purpose of securing a reversal of the preceding decision. This would produce a similar result by a slower process. The tendency would still be to make the Supreme Court a partisan tribunal, constituted, not to render impartial judgments, but to facilitate party purposes. The fact, if it be a fact, that something like this has been done in the past does not tend to reconcile the lover of his country to a repetition of the operation in the future. Finally, in the natural course of events the personnel of the Supreme Court must change, as deaths and new appointments follow each other, and it is entirely possible that by this process such changes might be made in the Court, accompanying a gradual change in public sentiment, as would secure from the Court in the future a judgment that the income tax is constitutional. To such a reconstitution of the Court no one could or would object. For it is a mistake to suppose that any considerable body of Americans think that Court is infallible, or that it is above criticism, or that one may not differ from it, or hope for a future reversal of its decision, or even anticipate such a reversal. It is the function of the Supreme Court, not to be a substitute for the popular judgment or the popular will, but to put such a check on the popular will as to preserve the Nation from its own undeliberate judgment and consequent follies, panics, and passions.

There are three reasons for apprehending that more than such a very gradual and unintentioned reconstitution of the Supreme Court is threatened by the plank which we have quoted above.

The first is the very ambiguity of the phraseology. A suggestion of peril is sufficient to put the cautious man upon his guard. It is not necessary to affirm that the more revolutionary thought was in the minds of those who drafted this platform; it is enough, in the absence of any clear and emphatic disavowal, to affirm that it is capable of that interpretation. If the Chicago candidates were elected, the country could not charge them with inconsistency if they attempted to reconstitute the Supreme Court by the most radical of the methods above suggested, and it is not impossible that the more radical of their party would charge them with cowardice if they did not.

A second reason for seeing a menace to the Supreme Court in this plank is the general spirit of the platform. That spirit may at least be characterized as one of popular impatience of restraints upon the popular will. The injustice wrought by the gold standard is to be corrected by the immediate free coinage of silver, regardless alike of foreign and domestic credit, of present contracts, and of serious commercial disaster. The ebullition of popular passion in a mob threatening the United States mails and inter-State commerce is not to be interfered with unless the local authorities choose to interfere. The power of the Executive to appoint party or personal favorites to office is not to be restrained by the regulations of a civil service system. It is quite consonant with these expressions of an impatient democracy that it should wish to revolutionize the Supreme Court whenever it finds the Supreme Court an obstacle to its wishes.

A third reason for seeing in this plank a menace to the independence of the judiciary is to be found in the well-known opinions of the Presidential candidate who stands upon it. If in his defense of this plank he has disavowed the more drastic interpretation, we have failed to see such disavowal; and his previously expressed opinions, though they do not of themselves justify the charge that he would sanction an immediate reconstruction of the Supreme Court for the purpose of securing a judicial approval of the income tax, do justify the assertion that, in his judgment, that Court should be a reflection of the popular will, not a check upon it. We quote from an interesting article by the Hon. William J. Bryan, published in the June number (1896) of the "Nebraska Literary Magazine," a quarterly issued by the English Club of the University of Nebraska. The paragraph here quoted contains all that he says respecting the Federal judiciary:

> "The present method of selecting Federal judges is wrong. Nearly all the States elect the judges who preside over State courts, and find no difficulty in securing competent officials. When a judge is elected for a limited term, he can be re-elected if his conduct is such as to so merit it; but a judge appointed for life can only with very great difficulty be deposed, no matter how unsatisfactory he may prove. A President, who generally appoints upon the recommendation of a few members of the dominant party, cannot choose as intelligently as the people themselves, and the power to depose by a refusal to re-elect is an essential restraint even upon a judge. All human beings, to a greater or less extent, acquire a certain bias from association and environment, and on the great questions which divide society that bias unconsciously influences the mind of the judge. Life positions are apt to breed indifference in the public servant, no matter in what position he is placed."

To Mr. Bryan's opinion on this subject The Outlook is diametrically and earnestly opposed. Whether judges are elected or appointed is a minor matter: some very good judges have been elected—and some very bad ones; some very bad judges have been appointed—and some very good ones. What is essential is that, once elected or appointed, they should be absolutely independent of the electing or appointing power. It is well-nigh as fatal to the independence of the judiciary to have the judges come before the people periodically for re-election—and before the machine for renomination—as it is to have them dependent on a king or a president for continuance in their office. Officials appointed to carry out the will of the people ought to hold offices of short tenure. But judges are not appointed to carry out the will of the people. They are often the only protection a hapless minority possesses against the tyranny of numbers. Anything which tends to make them subservient to popular impulse tends to the overthrow of popular government. For, as the most essential quality in the self-government of the individual is the power of self-restraint, so the most essential quality in democratic government is the same quality of self-restraint, at once symbolized and made effective in a judiciary absolutely independent of popular caprice.

In our judgment, a serious, perhaps the most serious, criticism on the Chicago platform and the Chicago party is the tacit condemnation in the first and the evident impatience in the second of the safeguards of democracy in the constitutional provisions for its self-restraint.

The Work of a Great University

President Cleveland in his address at Princeton last week admirably summed up the seemingly many functions of a great university—though they are really all one; and Dr. van Dyke, in his historical article, written with the affectionate reverence of an alumnus, and published in this week's issue of The Outlook, shows how nobly this function has been fulfilled by Princeton University.

Princeton is, in the popular estimation, synonymous with conservatism; but we need constantly to remind ourselves that conservatism is the mother of progress, and that all true radicalism is a great conservator; that progress in the future grows naturally and normally out of the past; and that a root which has in it no growth and a branch which has lost its vital connection with the root are equally in the way that certainly leads to death. The function of a great university is to learn from the past the lessons which experience teaches, and teach them to new generations; it is to discern beneath the ever-varying phenomena of life the eternal reality of which they are the manifestation. It is, therefore, at once scientific and religious: scientific because it ascertains and interprets the laws which phenomena reveal; religious because these laws are themselves expressions of God, and a comprehension of them is a comprehension of him, and his presence and authority in the world. Thus the evolution of great universities is itself the evolution of the community in which they live and which they influence. The university which is true to itself is at once an inspirer of progress and a conservator of truth, a leader toward a better future, but a cautious and wise leader, never forgetting the lessons of the past. In the university shines that light of experience which Patrick Henry so eloquently characterized as the only true light upon the pathway of a safe progress.

Thus the great university is the especial need of a democratic country and a democratic age. For the peril of democracy lies in its passions and its self-conceit. Great bodies do not always move slowly; on the contrary, great masses of men, acting collectively, are very apt to be governed by their prejudices, to be impatient of the delay necessary for deliberation, to take impulse rather than reflection as their guide, and to be led rather by the impassioned and imaginative orator than by the cautious and sober-minded statesman. And this tendency to undeliberate and impulsive action is intensified by the spirit of self-conceit which democratic institutions tend to foster in the unthinking. That all power is vested in the people, that their will is supreme, that they can do whatever they will, is constantly told them by press and from platform. Under such teaching there is a tendency to imagine that majorities are both infallible and omnipotent. Said Professor Felix Adler in his sermon last Sunday morning: "We cry to the other civilized nations, Watch! Copy! Follow us. We have nothing to get from you, but you must come and learn from us. Alienists call this the 'delusion of grandeur.'" Democracies are always susceptible to this "delusion of grandeur," and our remarkable growth since the formation of the Union has intensified this dangerous susceptibility in America. The remedy is that at which Professor Adler has also hinted. We must learn that "our assertions are not borne out by the facts. We have drawn on the old nations for all the best they have and the best we have. Our culture, our art, our literature, is determined by them."

This double service the university renders to the community: it restrains the passions and it mitigates the self-conceit of democracy. It sends out every year into the community men prepared, by their education, their social position, and in many cases by the very nature of their profession, to be leaders of the people—men who have thoroughly learned that every question has two sides, that unregulated impulse is a dangerous guide, that all experiments are hazardous and the greater the nation the greater the hazard, and that no progress is possible which is not preceded by deliberation and counseled by caution; men, too, who know that to older nations we owe all the best we have, that the lessons of their experiments cannot be safely disregarded, that the people are neither infallible nor omnipotent, that their suffrages cannot change the operations of God's laws, which are inexorable, eternal, and immutable. This effect he who has been observant of university life has often seen produced on individual students, who have entered the university, as the phrase is, "very fresh," and who graduate, after four years of university influence, with the enthusiasms of their youth unabated, but moderated, controlled, and directed by the lessons of historic experience.

The growth of universities and colleges in the United States is, therefore, one of the encouraging signs in our National life. The growth of Princeton from a body of students 268 in number in 1868 to 1,100 in 1896 is a typical fact. Analogous growth would be disclosed by a similar history of the other great universities of our land. But this growth in number of students is the least important fact. The standards of education have been improved, the methods advanced, and the equipment enriched in equal or greater proportions. That we have in the United States to-day upwards of 66,000 students who are pursuing the highest education, the great majority of them under competent instructors, and with measurably adequate facilities in books and apparatus, who are going out to be the teachers, preachers, jurists, and let us hope editors and political leaders, of the Nation, is a fact full of hopeful augury for the future.

We need not add here any eulogy of our own to the eloquent and well-deserved panegyric which Dr. van Dyke has written with a self-restraint more eloquent than any abandon could be. The history of Princeton is—with differences of detail—the history of every university of equal or nearly equal age, and will be in time the history of every more recently endowed university. The glory of Princeton is one which every college graduate, nay! every patriotic American, shares; for it is a part of the glory of the Nation, to whose highest and noblest life Princeton has so richly ministered.

Why Not?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wish to make a suggestion which possibly has come to you from many directions. Can we not add force to the movement in America and England respecting the Armenians, by asking the leaders of religious thought to appoint a day for this subject? Here is our Thanksgiving, close at hand; soon, too, our Christmas. How dreadful it is for us to sit in peace, and let this destruction go on unheeded! On some Sabbath before Christmas, the sooner the better, there ought to be a sermon preached upon the Armenian question in every church in the land—in every church in Christendom.

Now, it seems to me that The Outlook could take this up, and that such men as Dr. Hale, Washington Gladden, Dr. Parkhurst, Albert Shaw, and fifty other people whom you can reach, could help to begin this thing properly, and give it the preliminary organization. If such a thing can be started, let me know what I can do to help in California. The old-fashioned "day of fasting and prayer" would seem to fit the case, but there ought also to be a good deal of fighting spirit infused into the movement. It is time that the Turk was hurt—time for another crusade, on a much better basis and with more reason than in the Middle Ages.

Sincerely yours,

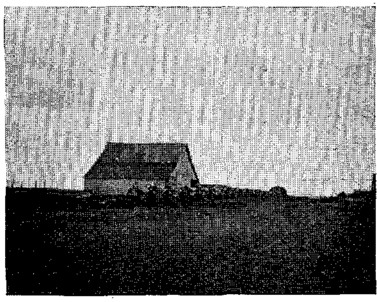
CHARLES H. SHINN.

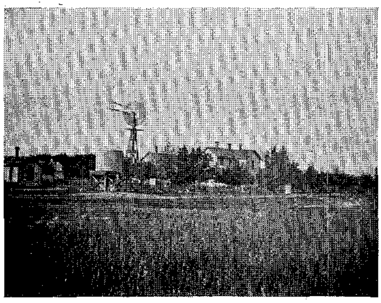
University of California, October 20, 1896.

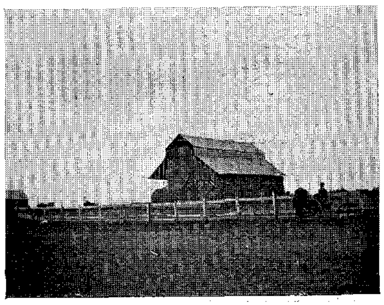
We heartily approve this suggestion. It were well if every pulpit in the land could give a trumpet call to the conscience and courage of Christendom against the unreportable cruelties now being practiced in Turkey. The Outlook will co-operate in any way it can with such a movement.

The Spectator in the Northwest

The bonanza farm! How the words stir the imagination of the city dweller, or even of the tiller of the soil in the overcrowded East, with its books about "Ten Acres Enough"! What a difference between the old-fashioned farmer, whose work, though pleasant and healthful, was laborious and only moderately remunerative, and the "bonanza farmer," with his princely domain and his regiment of workmen to till it and to harvest the vast crop that would fill the granaries of Joseph in a single one of the seven fat years! The work of the one seems to be growing less and less attractive to the youth of the land, who yearly leave the old homesteads in increasing numbers for the easier life of the cities; the work of the other seems as alluring to the average dissatisfied mortal as the possession of a castle in Spain or a pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan's. The trouble with the bonanza farms is that there are not enough of them to go around; if Uncle Sam were to give us all one of these farms, instead of "forty acres and a mule" he would have to bestow ten thousand acres and a couple of hundred mules, to say nothing of reapers by the score and plows by the hundred. In fact, a good many of the bonanza farms are too big to be owned, as they are all too big to be cultivated, exclusively by one individual farmer; they are the property of joint-stock companies, and are operated by salaried employees just as is any ordinary commercial undertaking, raising wheat as a factory makes cloth, and paying dividends and salaries out of the product.


A Few Self-Binders


The Bonanza Farm Homestead


Hay Shed with 350 Tons of Hay

The Red River of the North

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Such was the character of the bonanza farm which the Spectator saw on a recent trip to North Dakota. In this farm there were some ten thousand acres in a single block of land, and elsewhere the company had five or six thousand more. Ten thousand acres may not seem impressive to the landless man whose thoughts have not been occupied with "sections," "quarter-sections," and "townships;" but the privilege of driving all day behind a good horse on one farm, and then seeing only a part of its great domain, would make almost any one realize the magnitude of a bonanza farm of the Northwest. Another thing that will help the average reader to get the bearings of a ten-thousand-acre tract was the remark of the farm's manager (the "Vice-President of the Company" gives one a better idea of the dignity of his official position) as, with the Spectator, he drove away from the railroad station at Larimore, the little frontier town whose name is closely associated with the big farm. "From this point," said he, "we plow a straight furrow six miles long." The Spectator was afterwards told that there was another section at the end of this furrow which was plowed separately, so that his informant might have said "seven miles;" but he was grateful for the moderation of the first statement. "The men start in the morning from the house and plow one furrow; they return by noon, plowing another furrow; and they do the same round in the afternoon. Four furrows constitutes their day's work." If the plowmen had to walk behind their teams and lift the plow around stumps and over stones, as they do in some places known to the Spectator, twenty-four miles of plowing would be a great day's work; but on seeing the plowmen later at work, the Spectator concluded that they had an easy job. They ride behind the plow, the soil is a soft, porous black loam that cuts like cheese—pot-cheese, let us say—and "the mules learn to do all the work on the place," remarked the genial manager, with only a half-twinkle in his eye as he said it.

Plowing "Section 27"

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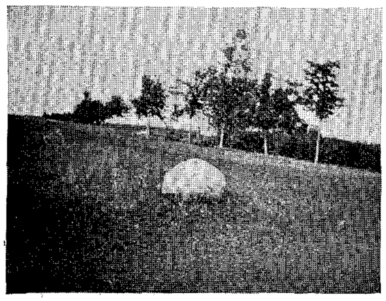
The "Red River Valley" they call this region, but it has here none of the usual characteristics of a valley. In almost any direction one sees an apparently illimitable expanse of perfectly level prairie, for the most part covered with the finest wheat in the world. Now and then we pass a circular depression a couple of hundred feet in width, in which the wheat fails to grow with its usual luxuriance. The name "buffalo wallow" takes one back with a start to the time when these great ranges were the happy hunting-grounds of the Sioux, when the black shaggy bison roamed in thousands over the Dakota plains, and took their comforting dust-baths in these huge basins. Again the monotonous level is broken by a "cooly," not of the Celestial but of the terrestrial variety—a broad low depression which in springtime furnishes the bed for a streamlet running to the river, whose course in its deeply cut bed we see marked out by the trees growing along its banks—almost the only trees we do see, except here and there a "grove" of stunted cottonwood, the feeble result of the now repealed "timber culture act." Only two crops fail to thrive in this "garden of the world"—trees and stones. Not till late in the afternoon in his day's drive did the Spectator see a stone large enough to throw at a jack-rabbit—and then the stone he finally discovered was too large. He shows herewith a photograph which he took of this only aboriginal stone in the county. There are some others, but the residents say they were brought in as curiosities.


"The Only Stone in the County"

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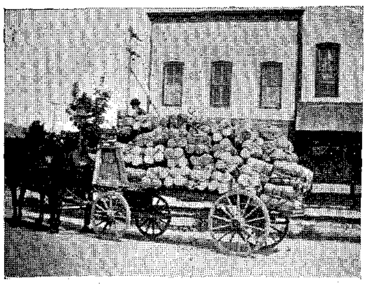
Roads are easily made in this stoneless, level land; a road-scraper drawn by six horses cuts down the weeds and grass, and the road is made. The soil is so soft that a drive even over plowed land is not grievous. Such a drive the Spectator took in following up the plowmen shown in the picture. "Are they plowing a long furrow here?" he asked. "No; only a mile." There were eighteen teams at work here; when all the force is plowing they plow about three hundred acres a day. A farm like this employs nearly two hundred men during harvest time, who get from $20 a month to $3.75 a day. This force is gradu-

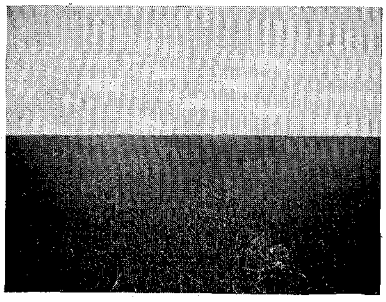

A Load of Binding-Twine

Norwegian Farmers in Fargo

ally reduced until in winter there are only three or four men on the place. This economy of labor in part accounts for the large profits of these great farms; this Elk Valley Farm had paid as high as 40 per cent. on its investment, and even in a poor year had paid 16 per cent. And this latter with wheat at 50 cents a bushel! With wheat at 43 cents, however, which was the price in August of this year, the profits will be less; and some of the small farmers of this region assured the Spectator that they were being gradually pushed to the wall by the decline of prices. Bad weather, of course, hurts some; the Spectator overheard a fine specimen of the genus Granger—a large-limbed, huge-headed Colossus, one of a group who seemed in stature to be the fitting product of an environment of magnificent distances—say to his friends, "I have sixteen hundred acres up North, and not a hundred dollars' worth of stuff on the whole of it this year." The Spectator saw the fine house and barns of a man who in a dozen years had made a fortune of $40,000; he met another man who in the same place in the same time had made only a bare living and was anxious to sell his farm at any sacrifice.

◆

Railway construction seems to be almost as simple as road-building in this part of Dakota. The Great Northern, which has many branches through the State, appears to be laid out in simple geometrical fashion. The track stretches out ahead of the train in an absolutely straight line until it is lost in the distance. No curves to lessen speed, no bridges to perplex the railway builder: laying the ties and fastening the rails to them, mile after mile, seems to be all that railway art requires here. But, for all that, the railroads must be well built to carry the traffic. The great crops must all be carried away on these single-track roads, and the traffic can be imagined from the fact that a million bushels of wheat have been taken during one season from a single one of these local stations.


A Sea of Wheat

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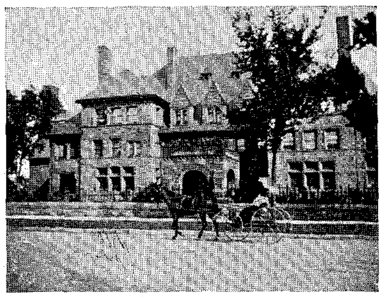
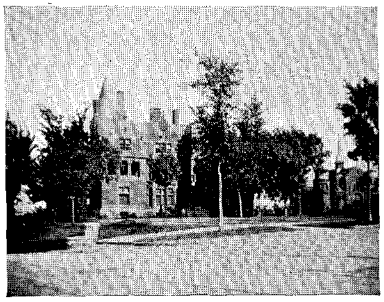
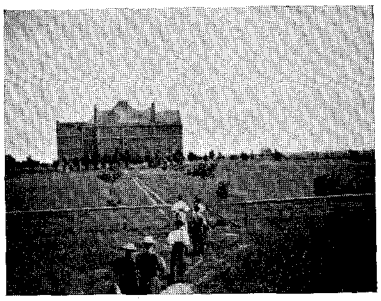
"Employment For All" was the agreeably optimistic inscription which the Spectator saw on a Fargo signboard. "The country is full of tramps; 150 got off here from one freight train yesterday," was the item which caught his eye in a Fargo newspaper. Was this a case of demand and supply? Unhappily, no. The employment, the Spectator found, was principally for man and wife (no children) on the farms in the surrounding country; there was no greater demand here than elsewhere for tramps as laborers. Occasionally, of course, the latter get work among the farmers, especially at harvest time; but a large percentage are not looking for work. Such were the colonies which were camped near the bonanza farm; they made nightly descents on the farm's vegetable gardens and pig-pens, but it was apparently judged to be safe policy to ignore their thieving. Under a freight platform during a shower the Spectator saw a motley gathering of perhaps two hundred of these wanderers (he regrets that his kodak failed him in the endeavor to take a picture of this group from the train); he read of the robbery of eighteen harvest-hands, after a pitched battle, by a regiment of tramps. So it seems that abundance of the richest soil in the world (only one-fifth of the Red River Valley, it is said, is under cultivation) open to settlement on favorable terms does not solve the problem of the "out-of-works."

Hinckley Redivivus
(Snap-Shot from Express Train)




"The Handsomest Street in the Country"


University of North Dakota

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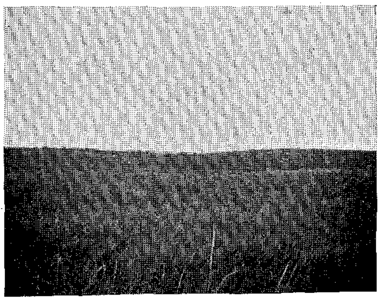
There are many Scandinavians in the Dakotas. Young Norwegians constitute the majority of the workers on the great farms; one sees "John Bjorgson, Tailor," on signboards, and "Landsökare!" on posters before land offices. The Spectator was approached in a large town by a quaint-looking old man who uttered broken words which were finally understood to mean, "Are you a Scandinavian?"—a compliment due probably to a fair complexion. The Spectator talked with a number of these people, and found them mostly intelligent but simple-minded folk. The Americans in this section share this intelligence, but add the characteristic Western "push" and alertness. They discuss politics in the cars, in the hotels, and everywhere, but they do it so well that one can almost forgive them for it! And they are so loyal to the West! They actually seem to love their blizzards themselves. The Spectator fell into conversation with a woman (a lady, the Spectator might remark, is still the preferred Western term) who had originally come from the East. "The first two or three years I was here," she said, "I was desperately homesick. Finally I went back East for a year. That cured me. I returned to the West, am thoroughly contented now, and would on no account go back to live in the East. *The West is livelier*. And the winters are much warmer than when I first came here."


A "Cooly"

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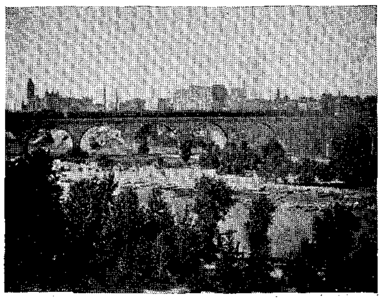
The Northwest does nothing in a small way. It has the largest wheat-fields and the biggest flour-mills in the world, the longest rivers and the largest lakes, the severest blizzards and the deepest snows, and now it has the most remarkable "burnt district" to travel through. From Duluth to St. Paul for many miles one travels between endless files of charred tree-trunks, which raise their blackened skeletons as far as the eye can reach on either side of the track. Perhaps a thousand square miles are included in this district, which has scarcely yet begun to recover from the disastrous forest fires of 1894. And yet, strange to say, while the country seems ruined, the towns which were then destroyed have been largely rebuilt. The Spectator took a snap-shot from the rapidly moving train while it was passing Hinckley, the town which in 1894 lost half its inhabitants and all its property by the fire. He points with pride to the brick school-house which the Hinckley people are building, and also records with pleasure that he took the picture from one of the cars which helped to rescue the 475 people who ran the gauntlet of fire on that terrible


Largest Flour-Mill in the World

day of '94, and heard the story from the lips of a brakeman who helped to rescue the survivors. How the people of this lumber town succeed in making a living now that the forests are destroyed, and what is the present *raison d'être* of Hinckley, are mysteries which the Spectator cannot perfectly comprehend, but the fact of recuperation seems evident.

◆

The "handsomest street in the country" is to be found in almost every thriving city; but, local pride aside, the Spectator would have little difficulty in giving his decision in the competition. It would be—the last one of these streets that he has seen. Is this a trifle ambiguous? It were better to remain so. But no one can fail to place Summit Avenue, St. Paul, near the head of the list of beautiful residence streets. It has charming cottages and stately mansions—so have other streets; it has broad sidewalks, smooth lawns, and fine trees—and so has many another aristocratic thoroughfare; it has a repose and a quiet dignity that belie its years—and wealth and exclusiveness have given these qualities to other residence quarters. But few streets have the natural advantages of situation that characterize Summit Avenue. It is within and yet seemingly without a great city; placed so high above the city that it seems to be apart from while yet of it; overlooks the busy marts of trade, and beyond them gives the tired eye and brain restful visions of river, woods, and fields; furnishes that delightful combination of city life and country scenery, of man's art and of nature's bounty, that seems to form the ideal outward setting for human happiness. There may be lovelier streets than this of St. Paul, but the Spectator doesn't wish to see them just yet. He will be satisfied for a while to have his memory of Summit Avenue undisturbed.

Princeton, 1746-1896

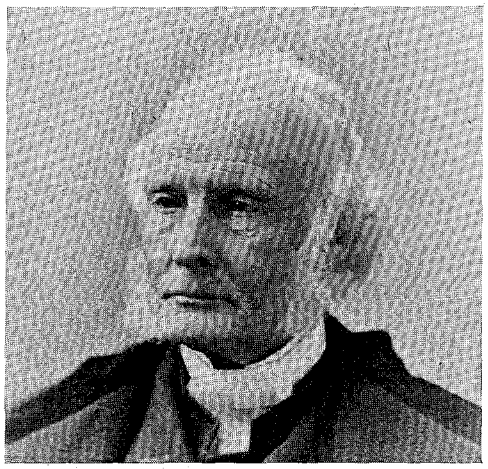
By Henry van Dyke, D.D.

PRINCETON is one of the three great historic American colleges which have done so much to mold the character and direct the development of this Nation. A century younger than Harvard, and nearly half a century younger than Yale, Princeton yet dates back, like them, to the formative period of American history. The celebration of its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is an event of national importance, and, we may justly claim, of international interest. The record of its prosperity and growth is the record of an incorporated idea faithfully and beneficently applied to the conditions of American life.

The College of New Jersey was founded in 1746 to meet a condition and to embody a principle. The condition was the urgent need of more preachers of the Gospel in this new land—a need caused by that religious movement called the "Great Awakening," among whose leaders were George Whitefield, Jonathan Edwards, the Tennents, and other "New Light" divines. The principle was that the best way to meet this need, and to serve both Church and State, was to provide more freely for the liberal education of young men on a foundation definitely Christian and as distinctly non-sectarian.

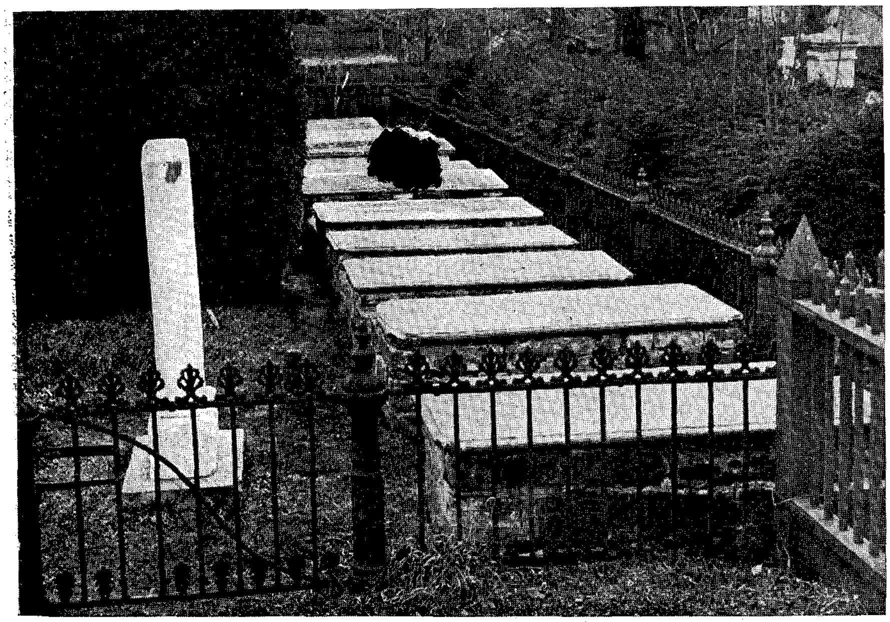
Princeton is not now and has never been a denominational institution in any exclusive sense. It is true that the bulk of the money to support it has come from Presbyterian sources; but that is because the Presbyterian Church has always believed most strongly in liberal education. It is true, also, that Princeton in its turn has rendered a very large service to Presbyterianism in training men for the ministry; but this is no more than a fair return for the support which has been received. All the loyal sons of Princeton hope that this mutual relation of generous support and fruitful service between a great church and a great college will always be continued. But Princeton is so far from being a sectarian school that it is the first academic institution in America in whose charter the principle of religious liberty was distinctly embodied. The charter especially provides "that no person be deprived of any of the privileges of the said college on account of any speculative principles of religion; but those of every religious profession shall have equal privilege and advantage of education in said college." The first board of trustees of the College contained representatives of the Episcopal Church and of the Society of Friends. Among the graduates of Princeton there have been distinguished ministers of almost all religious denominations. The names of Bishops Hobart, Meade, McIlvaine, and Johns among the Episcopalians, and Doctors Manning and Smith among the Baptists, will indicate the quality of the contributions which Princeton has made to other churches than that from which she drew her chief support.

The College was at first established in the house of its earliest President, the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, of Elizabethtown, N. J. It was then removed to Newark under the presidency of the Rev. Aaron Burr, the noble father of a notorious son. It was under his administration that the College was finally fixed at Princeton, in the year 1756. Largely through the warm interest and liberal patronage of Governor Jonathan Belcher, of the Province of New Jersey, Nassau Hall, its first college building, and one of the finest and most substantial structures of the kind in the American colonies, was erected. Under the first five Presidents, Dickinson, Burr, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, and Samuel Finley, the energies of Princeton were chiefly directed to supplying the need which called it into existence. The average size of the graduating class for the first twenty years was fifteen; and one-half of each class entered the Christian ministry. But in 1768 a new President, the Rev. John Witherspoon, was called from Scotland; and new conditions gave a new direction to Princeton's energies, and a new application to the formative principle of its life. The great struggle for liberty and national independence came upon the American colonies, and Princeton became in a peculiar sense a nursery of patriotism and a fountain-head of republican ideas. Witherspoon, although (or perhaps we might say because) he was born in Scotland, was peculiarly fitted to give clear and powerful and philosophic expression to such ideas. He was an ardent patriot, a wise councilor as well as "a high son of liberty," and the only clergyman and college professor among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Under his administration of twenty-five and a half years, extending from 1768 to 1794, 489 students graduated. Of these 120 entered the ministry; among the remaining 369 graduates we find the names of 1 President of the United States, 1 Vice-President, 3 Judges of the United States Supreme Court, 1 Secretary of State, 1 Postmaster-General, 3 Attorney-Generals, 2 foreign ministers, 12 members of the Continental Congress, 24 members of the House of Representatives, 13 Governors of separate States, 20 officers in the Army of the Revolution, and at least 43 who took arms in defense of the liberties of their country. In the Convention which framed the American Constitution there were 55 members; 32 of these were college men. London, Oxford, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen contributed 1 each; 5 came from William and Mary, 1 from the University of Pennsylvania, 2 from Columbia, 3 from Harvard, 4 from Yale, and 9—the largest number of all—from Princeton. The two plans which



JAMES M COSH, D.D., LL.D.

were presented to the Convention were both the work of Princeton graduates. The large State plan was prepared by James Madison; the small State plan was the work of William Paterson; and the compromise which was finally adopted was suggested and supported by Oliver Ellsworth and William R. Davie, who were both Princetonians. In view of these facts, it is not too much to claim that the influence of Princeton in the formation of the United States was greater than that of any other college.



GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE

The record of Princeton during the middle period of its history, under the administrations of Presidents Samuel Stanhope Smith, Ashbel Green, James Carnahan, and John Maclean, is one of slow and steady growth and unfaltering devotion to the cause of liberal, Christian education. Two points are deserving of particular mention—the influence of Princeton as a mother of other colleges; and its attitude towards science as a necessary part of academic training. Of thirty-two colleges which were established in this country between the years 1746 and 1810, the founders or the principal supporters of seventeen were alumni of the College of New Jersey. Brown, Union, Hamilton, Washington, Hampden Sidney, Cumberland, and many other institutions of learning, drew their life and their principles from Princeton. Princeton was also the first of the American colleges to recognize the full importance of natural science, and to introduce the study of chemistry as a distinct branch of academic study. Dr. John Maclean was called from Scotland in 1795, as Professor of Chemistry; and his successors, Henry Vethake and Professor John Torrey, kept up the high standard of work which Dr. Maclean had begun. In later years the course of scientific instruction at Princeton was greatly enriched and enlarged. The John C. Green School of Science was founded in 1872. At least three Princeton professors have won an international fame as scientists—Joseph Henry, in Electricity; Arnold Guyot, in Physical Geography; and Charles A. Young, in Astronomy.

The history of modern Princeton begins in 1868. Just one hundred years after the arrival of President Witherspoon, a second Scotchman and an equally great one, James McCosh, was called to the presidency of the College. He also was an American "born out of his native country." He threw himself as promptly and as thoroughly as his great predecessor had done into the conditions of American life, and identified himself in citizenship and all other interests with his new home. He was a commanding personality, a man of mark, ardent in spirit, generous in heart, profound in intellect, clear and simple and strong in Christian faith. He came to Princeton with a firm resolve and a distinct policy. The College must be kept true to its ancient traditions as a Christian institution of sound learning and patriotic culture. At the same time it must be developed and enlarged to meet the new conditions of American life, and to become, as rapidly as possible, a modern university, with the fullest equipment for education in philosophy, science, and the liberal arts.

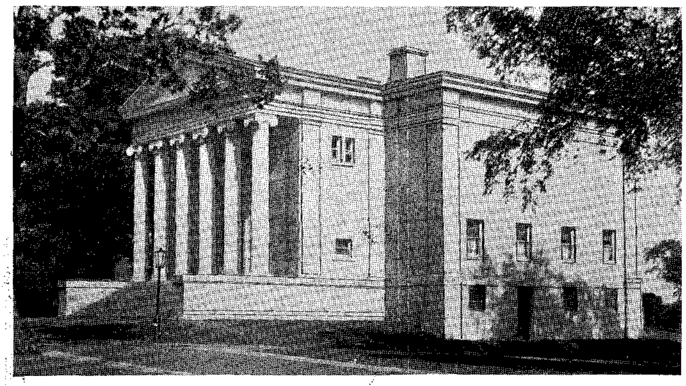
President McCosh was himself a philosopher, and his influence impressed upon Princeton the stamp of a distinctly philosophic spirit in regard to all the problems of scholarship and education. He was one of the first of orthodox divines to recognize, and to say publicly, that the theory of evolution was not necessarily hostile to religion. He held that the spiritual philosophy could only prove its right to exist by dealing frankly and fairly with all facts actually discovered by science. He was a firm believer in the liberty of scholarship. He taught his pupils to weigh conclusions rather than to take sides. The practical effect of his teaching and of his example was to lead men into an attitude of profound reverence toward truth and unshaken confidence in the verities of the Christian religion.

He introduced wide and fruitful changes into the college curriculum, but he introduced them in a conservative rather than in a radical spirit. The first two years of the academic course were still to be devoted almost entirely to required studies arranged very largely upon the old basis of the classics, mathematics, natural science, and philosophy. But with the third year of the course elective studies were introduced and given an increasing prominence and a wider range. The teaching force of the College was rapidly enlarged. New branches of study were introduced with almost every year; post-graduate courses and special schools were established; and the College moved forward swiftly toward a university basis. The increase in the number of students and in the influence of the College was remarkable, and has continued without intermission to the present time. At Dr. McCosh's accession the number of students was 268; at the present time Dr. Francis L.

VIEW OF FRONT CAMPUS

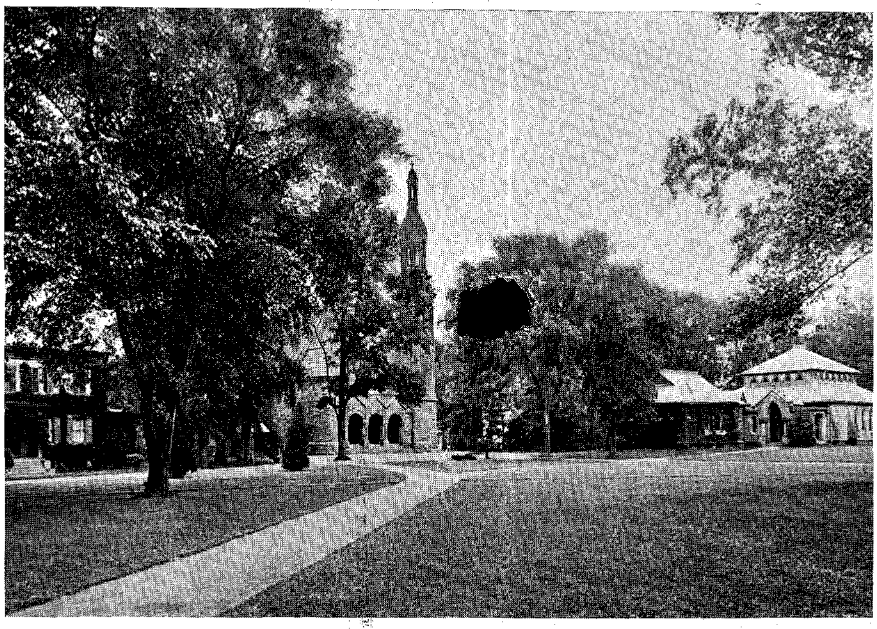
Patton, the twelfth President of Princeton, stands at the head of an institution of 1,100 students and over eighty professors and instructors—a powerful and harmonious association of non-professional schools, grouped around a central philosophic idea, and qualified to assume, with full right and dignity, the title of Princeton University.

In its physical aspects Princeton is one of the most beautiful and impressive of American seats of learning. The wise foresight of its founders gave it a most favorable situation on the long, sloping ridge of a hill, the highest point on the road between New York and Philadelphia. The campus, which is very extensive, is adorned with fine trees, many of which were planted by President Samuel Stanhope Smith, and are as old as the present century. It commands a wide prospect over the fertile plain of New Jersey, extending to the hills of the seacoast. The buildings, which have sprung up, as if by magic, during the last twenty years, are large and costly, and compare favorably with those of any other American college. But the most interesting, and, to my eye at least, the most dignified of all, is the original Nassau Hall—"old North College"—which stands practically unchanged as it stood in the days of the Revolution. Within its walls in 1776 the Provincial Congress of New Jersey adopted the first State Constitution. Here the British troops, flying before the victorious army of Washington after the battle of Princeton, took refuge. The American artillery, attacking them, sent a cannon-ball crashing through the roof, and tore the picture of George II. from its frame on the wall of the chapel. Six years later the American Congress assembled in the same building, and held their sessions here for more than four months. At the Commencement in 1783 Washington was present, and showed his interest and recognized the debt which the new-born nation owed to Princeton, by a personal gift of fifty guineas to the College. This was expended in the purchase of a portrait of Washington painted by Peale, which still hangs in the same frame from which the picture of George II. was shot away by the American guns. Remembering these things, the sons of Princeton must always look with pride upon the gray walls of Nassau Hall, and feel that there is justice in the assertion of the historian, Professor William M. Sloane, that this building "has no peer as the most historic university pile in the world. This contention rests on the fact that it saw the discomfiture of the British at the ebb-tide of the American Rebellion, harbored the government of the United States in its critical moments, and cradled the constitution-makers of the greatest existing republic. No other university hall has been by turns fortress and barrack, legislative chamber and political nursery in the birth-throes of any land comparable to our land."



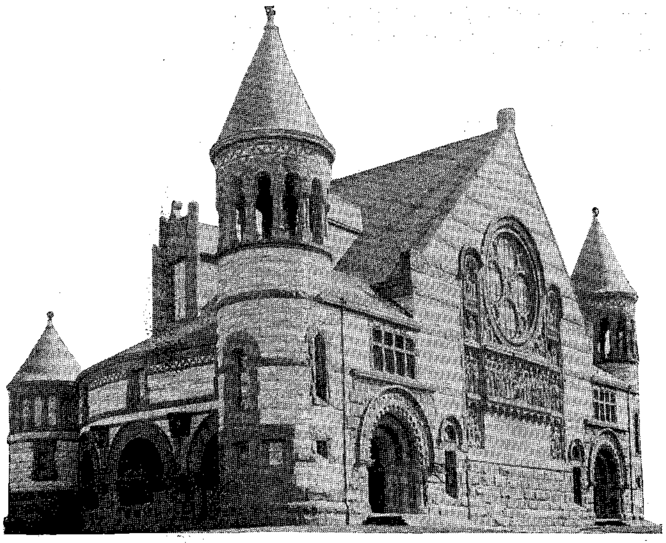
CLIO HALL

The undergraduate life of Princeton does not differ essentially from that of any other of the great American colleges. It is thoroughly democratic in its spirit, and heartily athletic in its physical embodiment. Princeton has won many honors upon the field of manly sports, and encourages in every legitimate way the development of physical strength and courage in its students. With the abuses which have crept into college athletics in late years through publicity and professionalism, Princeton has no sympathy. It does not believe that the chief end of a college is to train oarsmen, or baseball-players, or football teams, but it does believe in the cultivation of a rounded manhood on a firm physical basis. It proposes to continue the practice of those games and exercises which tend to promote health and bodily vigor and self-control and bravery, and it takes a fair pride in the prowess with which Princeton students have carried the orange and the black to the front on the athletic field, and proved their fitness to play a good part in the minor, as well as in the greater, contests of life.



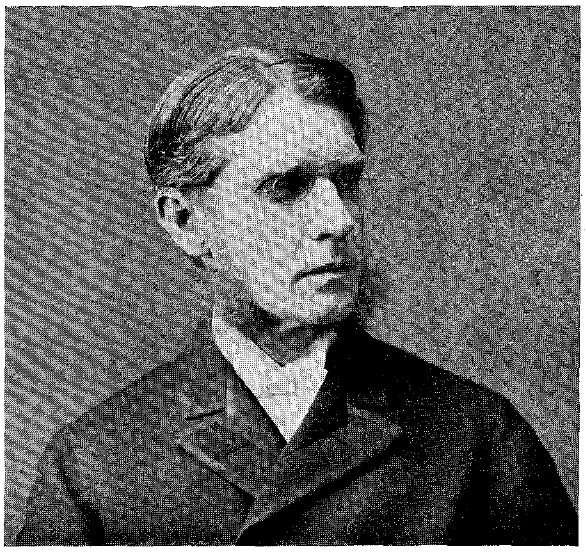
MARQUAND CHAPEL MURRAY HALL

There is no more accurate and searching test of the inward life of an institution of learning than the quality of the voluntary societies which are established and controlled by the students. The class-rooms are part of a systematic drill; and even the public exercises of religion may assume the aspect of the inevitable. But the associations which the men form and maintain among themselves are altogether free, and therefore profoundly significant. They express character. They unconsciously utter ambitions and ideals. They confess and they determine the tone of student life.



ALEXANDER HALL

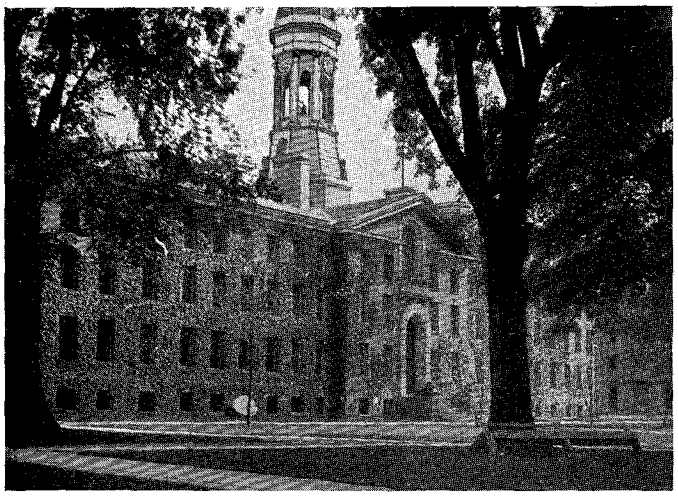
Three voluntary societies have long been flourishing



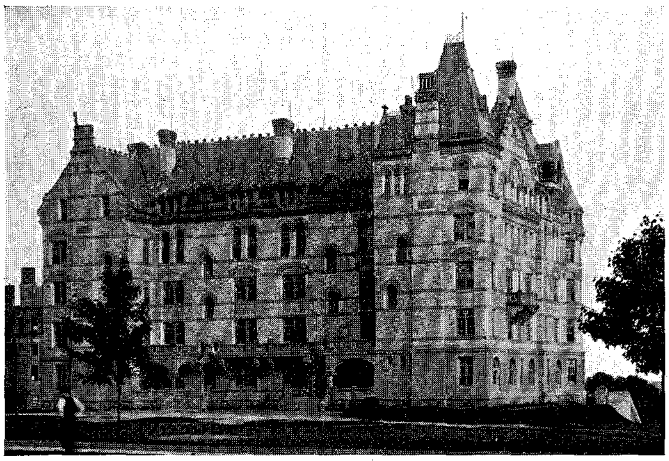
PRESIDENT PATTON

and potent at Princeton. Clio Hall and Whig Hall, the two literary societies, have had a deep and strong influence upon the history of the institution. Clio Hall was founded in 1765, and Whig Hall in 1769. They are both secret in their organization and internal arrangements. But it is an open secret that their common object is to train their members in the arts of expression and argument, to fit them for debate, and to make them understand the laws and courtesies by which men must be governed when they come together to deliberate and discuss and act. These halls are, in fact, little Houses of Congress in a miniature republic. In them the Princeton students have received, for more than a hundred years, much of their most valuable training and discipline. The rivalry between the two societies lends spirit and verve to the public debates and oratorical contests in which they engage every year. They have retained their vigor and kept alive their traditions more fully than any other college literary societies of equal age. They have done more for the intellectual life of Princeton than they could have done if they had been a part of the curriculum. The visitor who has not been admitted to one or the other of their twin white marble temples can hardly understand to the full the influences which have kept the fire of patriotism and public service burning so brightly on Princeton's altars.

The third of the principal voluntary associations among the students is the Philadelphian Society. It was founded in 1825, and is the oldest college religious society in America. It is entirely in the hands of the undergraduates, and welcomes members of all denominations to an equal brotherhood in Christian worship and work. The beauty and simplicity of the building which was erected for the Society in 1879 by the will of Hamilton Murray, one of its members, who perished in the loss of the ill-fated "Ville du Havre," is a fitting type of its spirit and service.



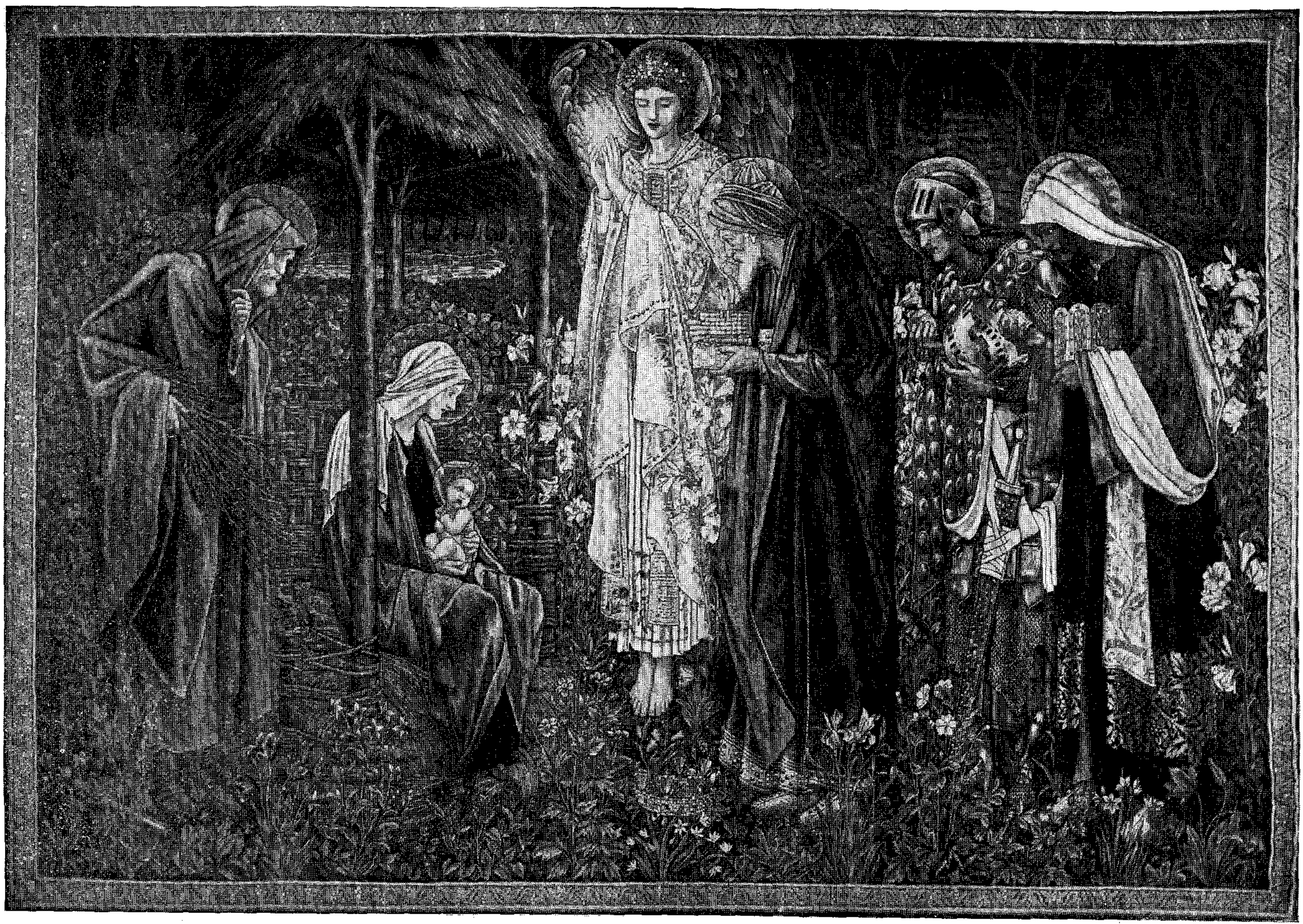
NASSAU HALL



WITHERSPOON HALL

In a country like ours, which is so fond of change that it does not always stay to ask whether change means progress, and so rich in new opportunities that it is not always patient in carrying forward great enterprises to their legitimate destiny, it is a fine thing to see an institution which has moved steadily forward through a century and a half of work to complete as well as to maintain the ideas of its founders, and which has been true to the past without being blind to the present or deaf to the calls and promises of the future. The true conservative is the man who keeps the tree well pruned of its dead branches. The true progressive is the man who brings the harvest from the seed that has been planted in the past. The glory of Princeton lies in the strength and self-consistence of its intellectual and ethical spirit. It has been for one hundred and fifty years distinctly philosophic, and patriotic, and Christian. Its temper has been well expressed by Professor Andrew F. West, who speaks in the name of that strong company of young professors, most of them sons of Princeton, who are to carry the College forward under its new title of a University, along the old lines, to a wider career of usefulness. He says: "As Princeton faces the problems of metaphysics, her temper is theistic and realistic. Toward the questions of jurisprudence, politics, and economics her attitude is ethical. In the sphere of science this temper appears as the spirit of inductive reasoning, which, though severely laborious in its examination of facts, manages to arrive at something beyond facts. In the spheres of literature and art it appears as the conviction that these studies are worth most as expressions of the ever-struggling human spirit striving to utter itself with nobility and beauty. In the presence of the truths of Christianity it appears as clear faith. Of course we have not begun to realize all these, and are not even realizing them as we might, but the illustrations given above show what is the spirit with which Princeton faces the deep questions which meet every university."

The distinguished audience which assembled last week in Princeton to take part in the Sesquicentennial Celebration heard the voice of this spirit very distinctly. It was a brilliant throng that crowded the fine auditorium of Alexander Hall and filled the marble benches of its stately bema. Representatives of the learned societies and universities of the Old World and the New World were there. Men of mark in science, literature, and philosophy, leaders in all departments of human thought and action, sat together in a great assembly of sympathetic intelligence. The countenance of the audience was instinct with knowledge and power. The brilliant hues of the various academic hoods and gowns spread over the crowd a glow of color like a solar spectrum. The lofty notes of the freedom of scholarship, the brotherhood of letters, the obligations of culture to humanity, and the deep reverence of true philosophy, sounded clearly through all the simplicity and dignity of the ceremonial. And every one who was present felt that the noble past of the College of New Jersey was the fit and harmonious prelude to the large and high future of Princeton University.



TAPESTRY MADE AT THE MERTON ABBEY FACTORY

The Visit of the Magi. Design by Burne-Jones

A Visit to William Morris's Factory

By Rho Fisk Zueblin

NOT many years ago, Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell made a Canterbury Pilgrimage—a modern pilgrimage, since, unlike the Monk and Knight, Nun and Wife of Bath, they rode a tricycle; a *very* modern pilgrimage, as described in Mrs. Pennell's sprightly and slightly irreverent pages. After exciting mishaps all along the way, the final catastrophe reads thus: "The verger pointed to the pavement, 'which now,' he said solemnly, 'you have come to the shrine of the saintly Thomas.' We had reached our goal. We stood in the holy place. Even the verger seemed to sympathize with our feelings. For a few moments he was silent; presently he continued: ''Enery the Height', when he was in Canterbury, took the bones, which they was laid beneath, out on the green, and had them burned. With them he took the 'oly shrine, which it and the bones is here no longer!' "

Last summer two other travelers made a still more modern pilgrimage, since we not only rode a tandem, in a gala spirit, but we journeyed to a *Pagan* shrine. Alas! the catastrophe was changed, for, though monks and priests no longer roam the monastery walks at Merton Abbey, and it could doubtless be said of its patron saint, Austin, "the 'oly shrine and his bones are here no longer," yet the spirit of a religion dwells here in such might that the pilgrim learns many lessons in truth and beauty. Of this religion, the present patron saint of the Abbey, Mr. William Morris,[1] gives an idea, by words in a letter to a friend: "I am an artist or workman, with a strong inclination to exercise what capacities I may have, and a determination to do nothing shabby, if I can help it; or, if I do anything shabby, to admit that I have done so, and to be sorry for it. This appears to me to be the socialist religion."

Our missal for this pilgrimage was the writings of Mr. Morris on Art, its glories and duties and sorrows, providing such texts as these to ponder: "It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do, which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious." "In a properly ordered state of society every man willing to work should be insured: 1. Honorable and fitting work. 2. A healthy and beautiful house. 3. Full leisure for rest of mind and body."

These are some of the tenets of the high priest of this religion. Will a visit to the shrine show them a mockery, or will there be an ardent living and working toward this ideal?

Mr. Triggs has written: "In 1861 Morris and Burne-Jones and Rossetti formed an art firm—a guild of idealists! The distinguishing mark of these artists was their conviction of the honor of labor and the glory of thoroughness. Each was gifted with a love of order and splendor, and filled with a deep sense of the need of beauty and human life. To join art to labor, to add pleasure to the things of common use, was the purpose of this company." We crossed over a small stream which could easily be thought of as forming an ancient moat, but which now, after curving through the grounds, has the peaceful duty of making the mill-wheel go! We found Mr. Triggs's description true: "Under the trees are gathered the low and unpretentious buildings of the factory. From the garden comes an odor of grass and roses. There is no air of the factory, no clang of machinery, no dust, no haste or distraction." The fact most impressed upon me by these grounds (in which we were lost several times before we could find the factory) and by the insignificance of the factory buildings, was that the *just emphasis* is put upon the nobility of the work and life within its walls. Mr. Morris has acted consistently with these words of his: "Love of nature in all its forms must be the ruling spirit of works of art, and the brain that guides the hand must be healthy and hopeful, must be keenly alive to the surroundings of our own days."

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[1] Of course this article was written before the death of Mr. Morris.

At the station we asked to be directed to the Morris factory, and the man, pointing over the way, said: "You see all those trees? well, right straight in through them you'll find it." Not by any gigantic smoke-stack was this factory revealed, but—ponder it—by *trees!* And with a true ring still sound these words of William Morris: "Pray do not forget that any one who cuts down a tree wantonly or carelessly, especially in a great town or its suburbs, need make no pretense of caring about art."

Our guide was delightful, being one of the workmen in the stained-glass rooms. His face shone with good will, and he had such a factory complexion as I had never seen—the most wonderful glow of health. The stained-glass work was first shown to us. Here the genius of Burne-Jones reigns supreme, since all the stained-glass work in the Morris factory is from his designs. We saw many of the cartoons, and the glass in all degrees of disarrangement and arrangement, the cutting with the diamond chisel, and the hand shading of the brush. A genial, gray-headed man had under his brush Stephen dividing his cloak with his sword. While we were admiring the rich coloring, the art workman jocosely said: "'E's not cuttin' 'is cloak in 'alf: the hother won't get 'is good share." In these stained-glass rooms the signs of work were cheery and inspiring. Often there was the buzz of friendly talk, and the whole fellowship appeared to be one of intelligence and mutual interest, and, certainly in that department, these words of Morris have been fulfilled: "This seems to me most important—that our daily and necessary work, which we could not escape if we would, which we would not forego if we could, should be human, serious, and pleasurable, not machine-like, trivial, or grievous. I call this, not the very foundation of architecture in all senses of the word, but of happiness also in all conditions of life." Amid this glass art work we are pleasantly reminded of the story of Morris's and Burne-Jones's college days together, of their query as to calling in life, since they were both supposed to be destined for the service of the Church, and, finally, of their mutual pledge to devote their lives to art. This comradeship of purpose and work has lasted long years, and many English churches have been abundantly served in these glorious windows.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Next we passed into the mazes of weaving—the plainer rug-weaving, the daintier silk-weaving, and the wonderful tapestry-work. In all these rooms there were simply hand-looms, which moved back and forth with a sort of click-clack of sociability, but with no wearying thunder. There were younger people at the heavier looms where the rugs were growing, but the two places of honor were held by the patriarchs of the art: a gray-haired man who was carrying through his loom the daintiest silk brocade in white and green and gold, and who stopped with the pleasure of the artist to turn it over that we might see the beautiful imagery of the light side; over by a quiet window sat an old, old lady gently casting her shuttle threaded with pale blue silk, and who smiled when we wondered what fair maiden should be gowned in it. Of this beautiful work, yet possibly monotonous, William Morris writes quite justly: "I do not call the figure-weaver's craft a dull one, if he be set to do things which are worth doing; to watch the web growing day by day, almost magically, in anticipation of the time when it is to be taken out, and one can see it on the right side in all its well-schemed beauty, to make something beautiful, that will last, out of a few threads of silk and wool, seems to me not an unpleasant way of earning one's livelihood, so long as one lives and works in a pleasant place, with work-day not too long, and a book or two to be got at."

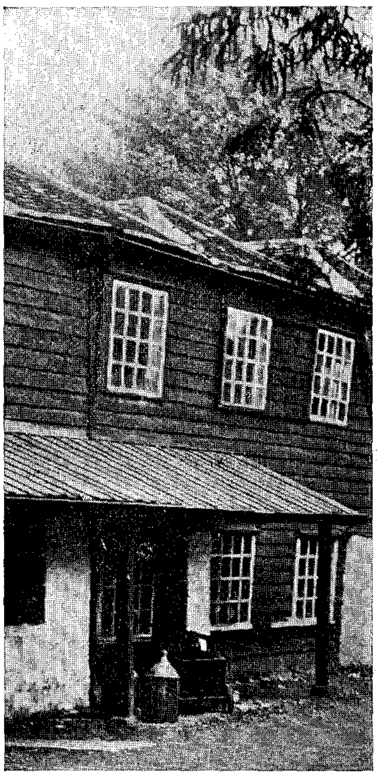
But, oh! the tapestries! Two looms were bearing these lovely burdens. One picture growing in most delicate tints was a copy of Botticelli's "Spring," this the first time it has ever gone into tapestry, it being the special order of a woman who had long fancied it would well lend itself to being thus wrought. The other was "The Visit of the Magi," this being from Burne-Jones's design, and the third time, I think, it has gone on the Merton Abbey loom. The only discouraging feature of the tapestry-weaving was that these sensitive, quick fingers belonged to men from the Far East, and that it is not yet an English art. Our appreciative guide spoke in honest, rapturous terms of tapestries that during their weaving had lent their beauty to the factory and to all the workers. A series representing the King Arthur legends had been with them seven years. Seemingly they had grown to love them as their life, and now in rich memories their thoughts followed them to the courtly home whither they could not go. I know of no home adornment that Morris writes of with more keen feeling and love than of wall-hangings. These are his words in an essay where he is mourning the decadence of the art: "What a noble art it once was! To turn our chamber walls into the green woods of 'the leafy month of June,' populous of bird and beast, or a summer garden with man and maid playing round the fountains, or a solemn procession of the mythical warriors and heroes of old: that surely was worth the trouble of doing, and the money that had to be paid for it; that was no languid acquiescence in an upholsterer's fashion." In "Jason" he verses an ideal:

With richest webs the marble walls were hung,
Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung
From ancient days, so that no wall seemed there,
But rather forests black and meadows fair,
And streets of well-built towns, with tumbling seas
About their marble wharves and palaces;
And fearful crags and mountains; and all trod
By changing feet of giant, nymph, and god,
Spear-shaking warrior, and slim-ankled maid.

The pattern-stamping room seemed quite natural, for there we saw the glorious designs and rich coloring in the cretonnes and velvets and fabrics which American importers have graciously made more familiar to us. An old design was slowly growing under the strong and skillful hands of one of these art workers—a design that could easily suggest Mr. Morris's dictum, "The absolute necessities of this art are beauty of color and restfulness of form." It required muscle to carry the copper plate steadily, and perfection of touch to plant it firmly in its proper place. The coloring was in rich golden brown, which the interested stamper told us was the most durable color, it being practically *rust!* We all know Mr. Morris's love of the Persian designs which reappear with new life under his pencil, in stamped fabrics and in woven stuffs. If we heartily enjoy these gorgeous things, we may partially sympathize with Mr. Morris's feeling about the old Persian workers and designers when he writes: "I believe I am not thinking only of my own pleasure, but of the pleasure of many people, when I praise the usefulness of the lives of these men, whose names are long forgotten, but whose works we still wonder at. In their own way they meant to tell us how the flowers grew in the gardens of Damascus, or how the hunt was up on the plains of Kirman, or how the tulips shone among the grass in the Mid-Persian valley, and how their souls delighted in it all, and what joy they had in life; nor did they fail to make their meaning clear to some of us."

The allied craft of nearly all these arts is that of the dyer, and these pure, ravishing colors we next traced to their abiding-place in the Merton Abbey vats. Certainly these seemed like magic caldrons! We hear much of the poet's love of color, and this poet's fondness is also ascribed to Morris. Mr. Triggs speaks of his "Summer Dawn" as "touched with *grayness.*"

The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
Faint and gray, 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt the closed bars
That are patiently waiting there, for the morn
Patient and colorless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and, restless and cold,
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
Through the long twilight they pray for the morn,
Round the lone house, in the midst of the corn.



ENTRANCE TO FACTORY

But what other poet, besides feeling color and writing of color, could say, in discussing the niceties of the color craft, as Morris does in such plain workman's prose—"I myself have dyed wool by the self-same process that the Mosaical dyers used"! Mr. Morris rather enjoys color tirades, and, after having delighted in the perfect glasses or wools or fabrics from the factory, or having felt his painstaking care when looking in a vat where the dye had stood for seven years, we can quite easily sympathize with an attack upon the new dyes like this: "The fact is that every one of these colors is hideous in itself, whereas all the old dyes are in themselves beautiful colors—only extreme perversity could make an ugly color out of them. Under these circumstances it must, I suppose, be considered a negative virtue in the new dyes that they are as fugitive as the old ones are stable; but even on that head I will ask you to note one thing that condemns them finally—that whereas the old dyes, when fading, as all colors will do more or less, simply gradually change into paler tints of the same color, and are not unpleasant to look upon, the fading of the new dyes is a change into all kinds of abominable and livid hues. I mention this because otherwise it might be thought that a man with an artistic eye for color might so blend the hideous but bright aniline colors as to produce something at least tolerable; indeed, this is not unfrequently attempted to-day, but with small success, partly from the reason above mentioned, partly because the hues so produced by 'messing about,' as I should call it, have none of the *quality* or character which the simpler drug gives naturally. In short, this is what it comes to, that it would be better for us, if we cannot revive the now almost lost art of dyeing, to content ourselves with weaving our cloths of the natural color of the fiber, or to buy them colored by less civilized people than ourselves."

The workers in all these crafts, by their goodly occupation, eight-hour working day, and highest wages known in the trade, seem to be realizing, as far as is possible at present, the claims of a decent life as Mr. Morris has himself stated them: "First, a healthy body; second, an active mind in sympathy with the past, the present, and the future; thirdly, occupation fit for a healthy body and an active mind; and, fourthly, a beautiful world to live in."

Our visit to Merton Abbey Factory was over, and with reluctance, yet with satisfying thoughts, we left the interesting group of people behind, and passed again through the trees into the dingy world. The charm of William Morris's idealism was not broken by having visited the spot where of all others this ideal must be tested. We felt, indeed, that this visit had marked our most hopeful and instructive and inspiring day in England. Juliana Horatia Ewing says of one of her heroines what very well belongs to a character-sketch of William Morris: "It is so easy to become more thick-skinned in conscience, more tolerant of evil, more hopeless of good, more careful of one's own comfort and one's own property, more self-satisfied in leaving high aims and great deeds to enthusiasts, and then to believe that one is growing older and *wiser!* And yet those high examples, those good works, those great triumphs over evil which single hands sometimes effect, we are all grateful for, when they are done, whatever we may have said of the doing. But we speak of saints, and enthusiasts for good, as if some special gifts were made to them in middle age which are withheld from other men. Is it not rather that some few souls keep alive the lamp of zeal and high desire which God lights for most of us while life is young?" William Morris and Burne-Jones have valiantly and radiantly kept their college-day pledge to Art.

Among modern prophets, Ashbee[1] has written: "It is only in the reconstructed workshop that we may hope to find our citizen perfected in heart and hand and head." The artist, Mr. G. F. Watts, in his preface to "Plain Handicrafts," writes: "To lead the weary toiler along the dreary road of every-day mechanical work into its wayside gardens, to open closed eyes to a world of loveliness and grace, where every flower that blows and every tendril that twines enlist themselves in his service and become his friends, is the function of the Plain Handicrafts." Ruskin has said, "Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality." We might easily have said, "These are hard sayings; who can hear them?" But with the grand reality and accomplishment at Merton, such words no longer fall upon our ears with a hollow tone of hopelessness and impossibility, but with the stirring ring of alarum and incentive.

With good faith in William Morris's hand and heart, in his *sense* and *vision*, we can read such words of his own as the following. In "A Dream of John Ball" he says: "Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them." He makes Sigurd say to the King of the Niblungs:

And I would that the loving were loved, and I would that the weary should sleep.
And that man should hearken to man, and he that soweth should reap.

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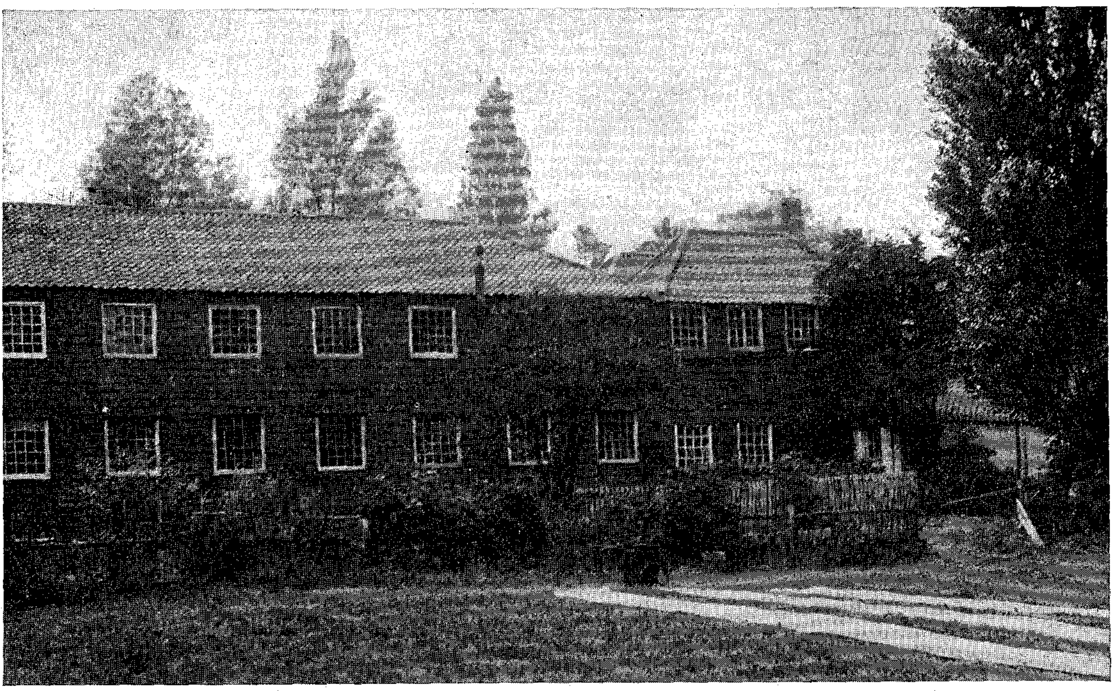
[1] Ashbee, "Workshop Reconstruction and Citizenship" (D. C. Heath & Co.).

In one of his essays he writes: "What other blessings are there in life save these two, fearless rest and hopeful work? Troublesome as life is, it has surely given to each one of us some times and seasons when, surrounded by simple and beautiful things, we have really felt at rest; when the earth and all its plenteous growth, and the tokens of the varied life of men, and the very sky and waste of air above us, have seemed all to conspire together to make us calm and happy, not slothful, but restful. Still oftener, belike it has given us those other times, when at last, after many a struggle with incongruous hindrances, our own chosen work has lain before us, disentangled from all encumbrances and unrealities, and we have felt that nothing, not even ourselves, could withhold us from doing the work we were born to do, that we were men and worthy of life. Such rest and such work I earnestly wish for myself, and for you, and for all men: to have space and freedom to gain such rest and such work is the end of politics; to learn how best to employ it is the end of education; to learn its inmost meaning is the end of religion."



THE MERTON ABBEY FACTORY

With paramount force and insistency we have been taught the fleetness of life, resulting in great stress upon immortality. In hard, narrow fashion has this truth been carried into our lives. The Bible words, noble and beautiful, are often too much with us: "My days are consumed like smoke;" "My days are like a shadow that declineth;" "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust;" "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

FROM THE RIVER

But this is only a half-truth; *the place thereof shall know it more;* the quasi-immortality of material things is also true, magnificently and gloomily true. Our deeds live after us, and how stubbornly and sturdily, in the things we build! The tree we hew down for our street railway, for our factory, can never bloom a leaf for our grandchild. The ugly mansion we build so solidly may be the life-torment of our son or somebody else's son. Some gracious bit of beauty your hand leaves behind may be the treasure of some ardent heart for many a year! The Bible tells us this, too: "Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. Thy years shall know no end. The children of Thy servant shall endure, and their seed shall be established." "For none of us liveth to himself, and *no man dieth to himself.*" This thought, this belief, makes for us two duties: to make our works beautiful and true, that *their* everlasting life may be wealth and benediction for those who come after, and also to *demand* like things from others, that beautiful things, noble things, may represent the activities of all men and women. With this view we can understand Ruskin's extreme statement, "Taste is the only morality," since it simply means the constant duty of appreciating all material values in terms of life.

October

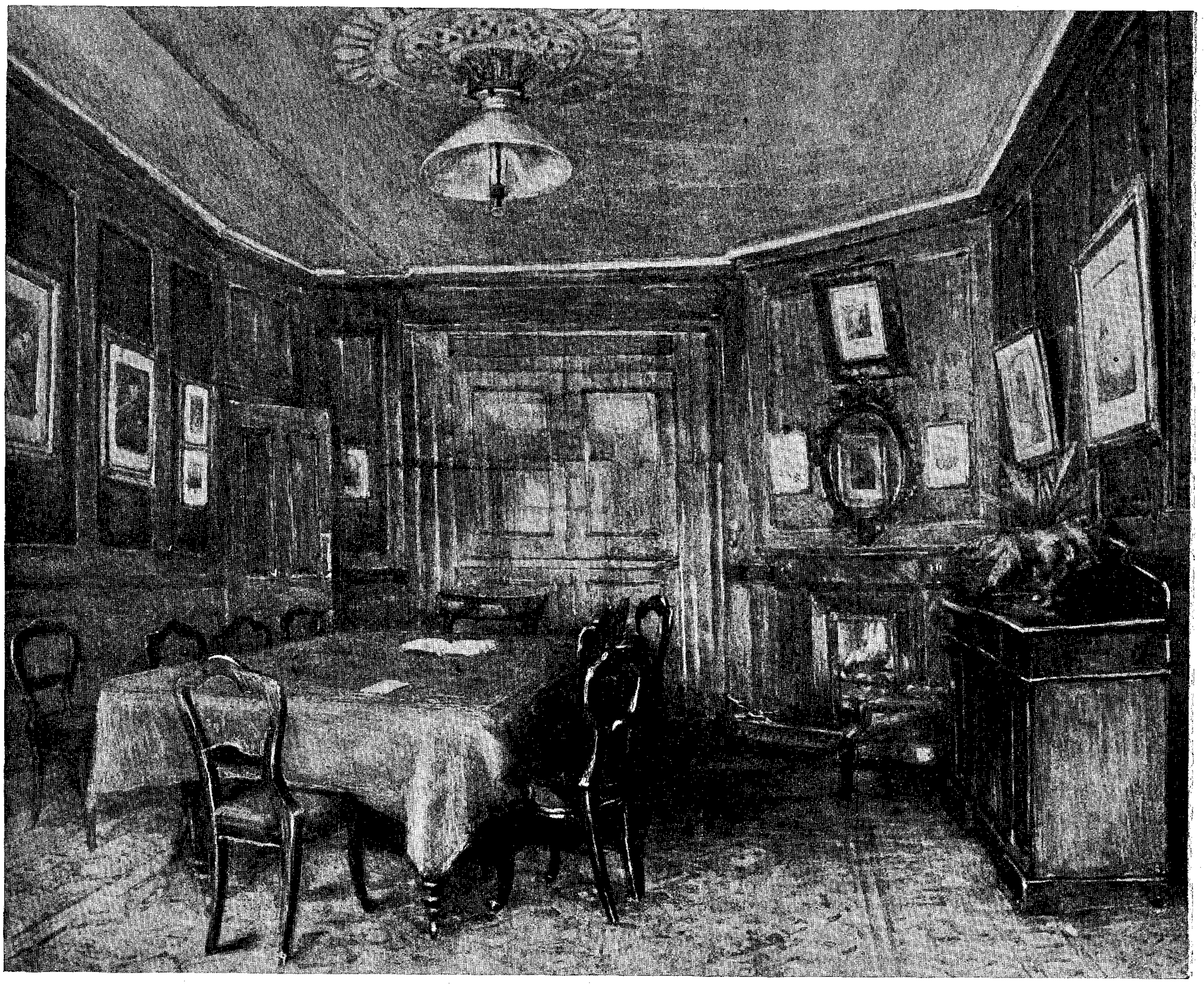
By William Morris

O love, turn from the unchanging sea and gaze
Down these gray slopes upon the year grown old,
A-dying 'mid the autumn-scented haze
That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
Where the wind-bitten ancient elms enfold
Gray church, long barn, orchard and red-roofed stead,
Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

Come down, O love; may not our hands still meet,
Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
Oh hearken, hearken! through the afternoon
The gay tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!
Sweet, sweet and sad the toiling year's last breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we, too—will it not be soft and kind,
That rest from life, from patience, and from pain,
That rest from bliss we know not when we find,
That rest from love which ne'er the end can gain?—
Hark, how the tune swells that erewhile did wane!
Look up, love!—ah, cling close and never move!
How can I have enough of life and love?

—*From "The Earthly Paradise."*



ROOM IN SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS'S BUSINESS PREMISES, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, IN WHICH THE FIRST YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE ASSEMBLED

Sir George Williams

Founder of Young Men's Christian Associations

By Lord Kinnaird

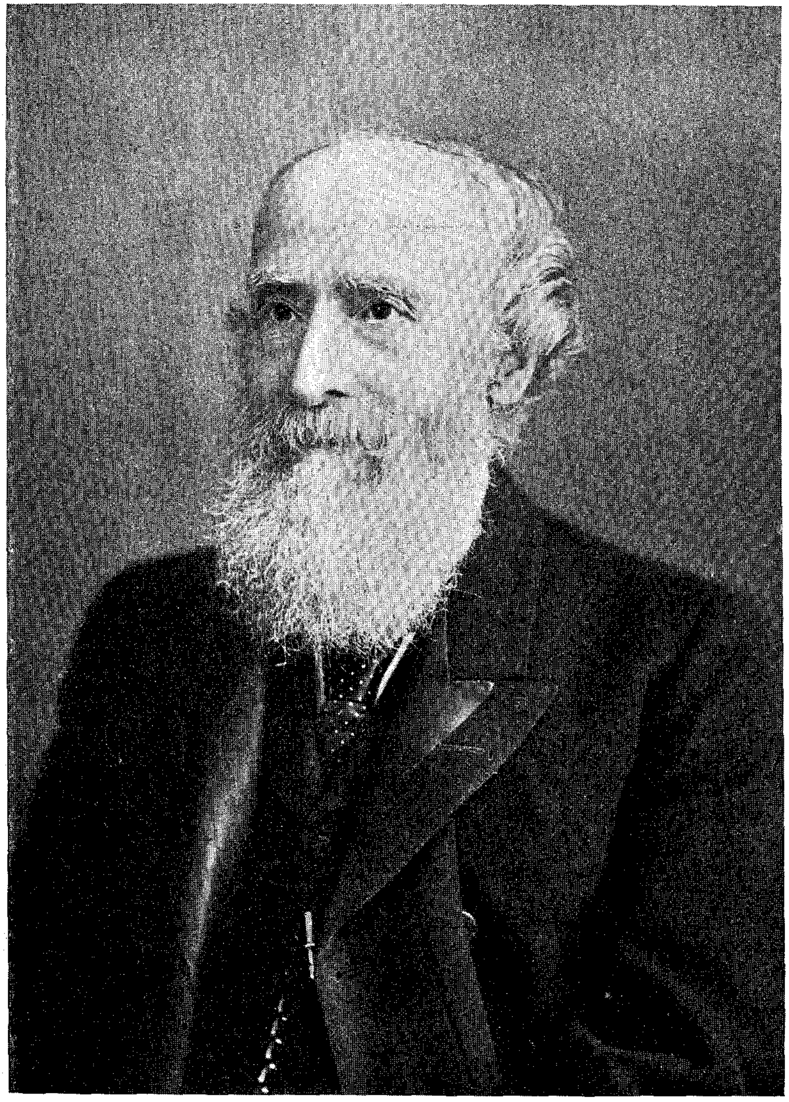
Sir George Williams
(About 1860)

"There is not any other one man in the world to-day who has touched so many men for good." Such is the pronouncement of the Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States, in regard to the subject of this brief sketch. It refers to Sir George Williams, of course, in the light of his life's work—the Young Men's Christian Association. To trace his career is of necessity to recite the leading facts in the history of that great and beneficent movement, so completely has he absorbed himself in it. While all forms of religious and philanthropic effort have for many years received his munificent support—at the present time he is President of not a few societies—he has been pre-eminently the Friend of Young Men, and, to an extent altogether unique, has devoted himself and his substance to the promotion of their highest and best interests, not alone in this country, but in all the principal countries of the world.

The remarkable series of gatherings in London in June, 1894, which celebrated the Jubilee of the Y. M. C. A., and of which he was the central figure, gave unmistakable evidence of the vitality and universality of the work; showing, as Canon Fleming aptly put it, that it had "made a deep mark upon the young men of this age, upon the Church of God, and, indeed, upon the world at large." The Convention, it was estimated, was the largest delegated Evangelical assembly that had ever met. Two thousand men, speaking seventeen languages, represented the work as it is carried on in twenty-six nationalities; and all delighted to honor the man whom God had thus honored in originating and developing their beloved enterprise. Huge meetings, in almost bewildering succession—in Exeter Hall, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, the Royal Albert Hall, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the City Temple, and the Great Park at Windsor—gathered around the founder in demonstrative acknowledgment of what, by the blessing of God, he had been enabled to accomplish; the press of the whole country, as well as of America and the Colonies, cordially indorsed the tribute; and, to the utmost gratification of members of the Association in all lands, her Majesty the Queen signified her approval of the lifelong effort of "a peaceful hero" by conferring upon him the dignity of knighthood, while the Corporation of London marked their appreciation of his services to young men in the metropolis by bestowing upon him the honorary freedom of the city. Probably no such distinguished public recognition had been given to any work of the kind that had been in existence fifty years only.

Sir George treated the matter with characteristic modesty. "It has been to me a glorious service," said he. "In it

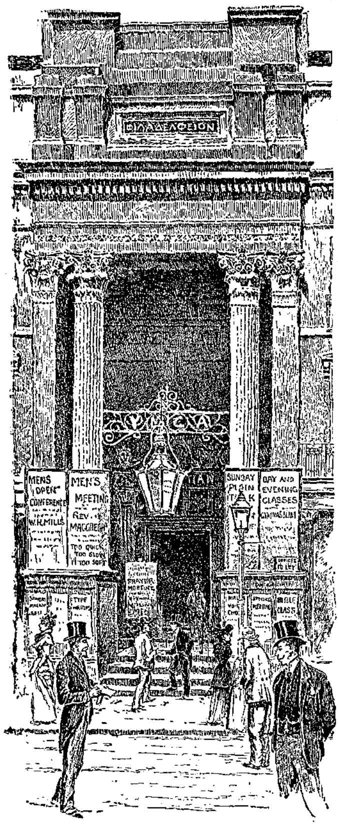
I have experienced the happiest moments of my life. . . . To Almighty God be all the praise. He it was who inspired the thought."



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS
From a recent Photograph

This confession is noteworthy, from the circumstance that it illustrates what has ever been with Sir George Williams a first principle of his faith—that he has been in everything the steward and instrument of God. It was this dominating conviction within him that inspired the few young fellows who joined him in forming the Association in 1844, in the business house of Mr. George Hitchcock, in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, to which he had come as a junior assistant from Bridgewater three years previously. It was this that made a profound impression upon his employer, who at a subsequent period had the joy of testifying that the Association started under his roof had been the means of bringing him to a knowledge of himself and of Christ. It was *this* that gave life and impetus to the movement in all its early years; for the youthful promoter marked his overwhelming sense that "the thing was of God" by contributing to it at the rate of more than a third of his entire income. And while the conviction, conscientiously acted upon, has—because God will be no man's debtor—enriched his experience, his experience all through life has been such as to deepen the conviction. An abundant return has been made to him for his faithfulness; a return which has been maturing for half a century, but which will reach its climax only when he hears the "Well done" that is to be the final reward of all those who are good and faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." It was by keeping steadily before him this grand triple rule of life that Sir George reached the position which he has now so long and honorably filled, as head of one of the largest and best-reputed business establishments in the greatest city of the world. In the exalted position, as well as in the humbler, he has been faithful to the great trust divinely reposed in him, and has dispensed with generous hand the good gifts of God placed in his keeping. His large-heartedness is manifested in this; but it is evinced in no less a degree, also, in the breadth of his sympathies with all forms of real and practical Christian work. Here, as well as in other respects, he bears strong resemblance to his predecessor in the presidency of the English work—the late noble Earl of Shaftesbury. His views are pronouncedly evangelical, but he combines with definiteness of creed a spirit of generous toleration and charitableness, and the outflow of his affection to all who bear the name of Christ and are seeking to extend his kingdom has none of the limitations which sectarian differences are apt to engender. Further than this, his heart has always been large enough to enable him sympathetically to share and relieve the burdens of difficulty brought under his notice by individual young men. Not only since his sons have been able to divide with him the responsibilities of his great business, but all through his life, he has ever been ready to set aside his own concerns for a period of each day, important as they have been, in order to help in the affairs of others; and the number of callers he has been in the habit of receiving day by day, upon all conceivable errands of necessity, has for many years been very large.



EXETER HALL, FRONT ENTRANCE

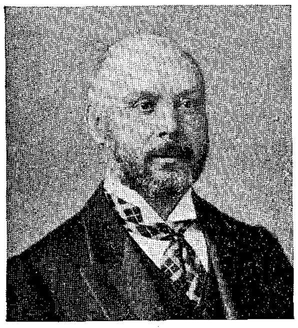
Sir George has always observed the utmost simplicity and plainness in his style of life. His seventy-fifth year finds him still quick of perception and strong of purpose, buoyant in spirit, genial, gentle, lovable; while both Lady Williams and himself maintain and exhibit an unflagging and inexhaustible interest in all the concerns of young manhood.

The history of the Young Men's Christian Association is as full of interest as the life of the founder. The work was commenced in the realization of a pressing need, and was shaped with a very definite purpose in view—the salvation of young men. The aim was to unite Christian young men, first, for development and upbuilding in their most holy faith; and, next, in order that they might make concerted effort in behalf of their companions. They were to do this in the sphere of their daily calling—that is to say, they were to bear their testimony in their *life*. With the passing of years, diversification and variety of method have come; but first principles are still adhered to. They are not generally popular—no Christian expects that vital religion ever will be; but the healthy and useful environment in which, within the Associations, they have been maintained, has not failed to convince right-thinking people everywhere of the wisdom of giving to an institution for the benefit and improvement of young men a distinctly spiritual basis. This is the only leaven that will effectually prevent deterioration.

Whether consisting of six or six hundred young men, the management of each Association is vested alone in the membership, which is essentially Christian and missionary.

There is associateship for young men of good moral character, carrying with it participation in all privileges except control. Each Association is absolutely autonomous. Organization is not wanting, either so far as district, State, national, or international matters are concerned. Indeed, it is wonderfully complete; but, after all, the cement that binds the Associations together is not of men's manufacture—it is to be found in the pursuit of a common and exalted purpose, in the carrying on of an active propaganda in behalf of young men on a spiritual and evangelical foundation.

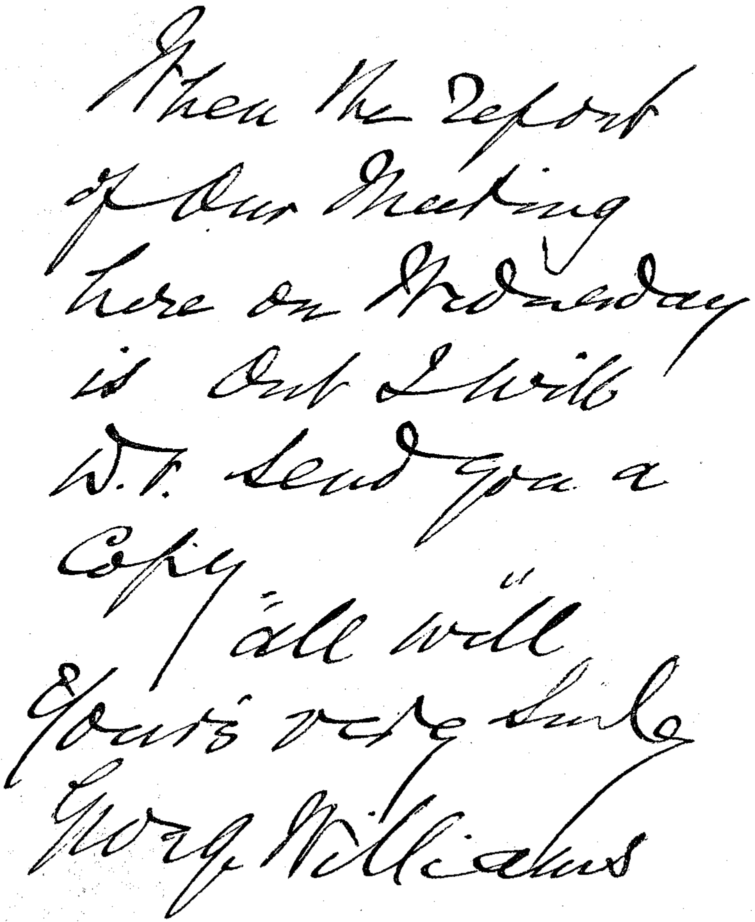
Throughout the world the Young Men's Christian Association is now represented at over 5,500 centers, and has a membership of over half a million. But these figures are no gauge of the extent of its influence. It probably gets into close touch each year with five times as many men as those whose names appear upon its books. The Archdeacon of London attributes its success to the fact that it represents and maintains: (1) the grand principles of unity and co-operation (its plan and platform are interdenominational); (2) the spiritual priesthood of the laity (it puts the obligation upon each member of doing all that in him is to extend the kingdom of Christ by becoming an evangelist to his fellow young men); and (3) the divine doctrine proclaimed by our Lord of the brotherhood of men in himself. Hundreds of ministers of the Gospel at home and abroad received their early stimulus or training at the hands of the Association. D. L. Moody and John McNeill are among the many who acknowledge its invaluable aid; and quite recently the general service rendered by the institution to the churches has received the emphatic witness of the Rev. H. E. Fox, M.A., Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, who mentions a remarkable fact: that almost every male candidate offering himself to that great Society confesses to having been influenced by the Young Men's Christian Association at some point of his life—either owing to its instrumentality his conversion, or his incentive to and training for missionary work. And what is true of the Association in regard to missionary enterprise abroad applies with equal force to its relation to the ministry at home; while strong indorsements come also from business men on every hand, who, so far from finding the Association an agency for the development of namby-pamby men—as is often laid to its charge—testify that they have secured from the ranks of the membership many of their smartest and most trustworthy employees.



W. H. Mills
Secretary International Committee Young Men's Christian Association

The Association seeks by all means to win the souls of men; but much of its usefulness has arisen from the fact that it has not been slow to recognize that they have also minds and bodies which require looking after. It is one of the largest physical agencies in the world; it has also done most valuable educational work, and is likely, in countries where such work is not already provided for by secular institutions, to make great developments in this direction. But all the departments, whether of club or home or school or playground character, subserve the one supreme end—that of bringing men to the Saviour.

There is not space in this article to give any adequate idea of the extent to which the Associations have by this time encompassed the world. America, to which country the work was directly transmitted from England, affords perhaps the most striking example of development—possessing over fourteen hundred Associations, many of them with fine and substantially endowed buildings, and carrying on a far-reaching departmental work among students and railway employees, as well as among young men generally. A large number of the Associations on the Continent were brought into the general organization at the Paris Conference, and are year by year developing their work along the lines pursued so successfully in Great Britain and the United States. In Japan there has been a remarkable growth of the work; and in India also, where great scope and opportunity are presented for Association enterprise in behalf of the many thousands of educated English-speaking young men. In Australia the Associations are not numerous, and have suffered as a consequence of commercial depression; but they have nevertheless done and are doing excellent work, particularly among young emigrants, who reach the largest towns in great numbers. The first United Conference has just been held in South Africa, where the movement has obtained good hold and is creditably represented. Scattered Associations are achieving good results in almost every other country of the world; and the general experience is that—despite all the activities for the benefit of young men which the Associations have prompted and quickened—the need for their specific work, as it was borne in upon the mind and heart of Sir George Williams half a century ago, so far from declining, is continually on the increase.



When the Report of our Meeting here on Wednesday is out I will D.V. send you a copy

"all well"

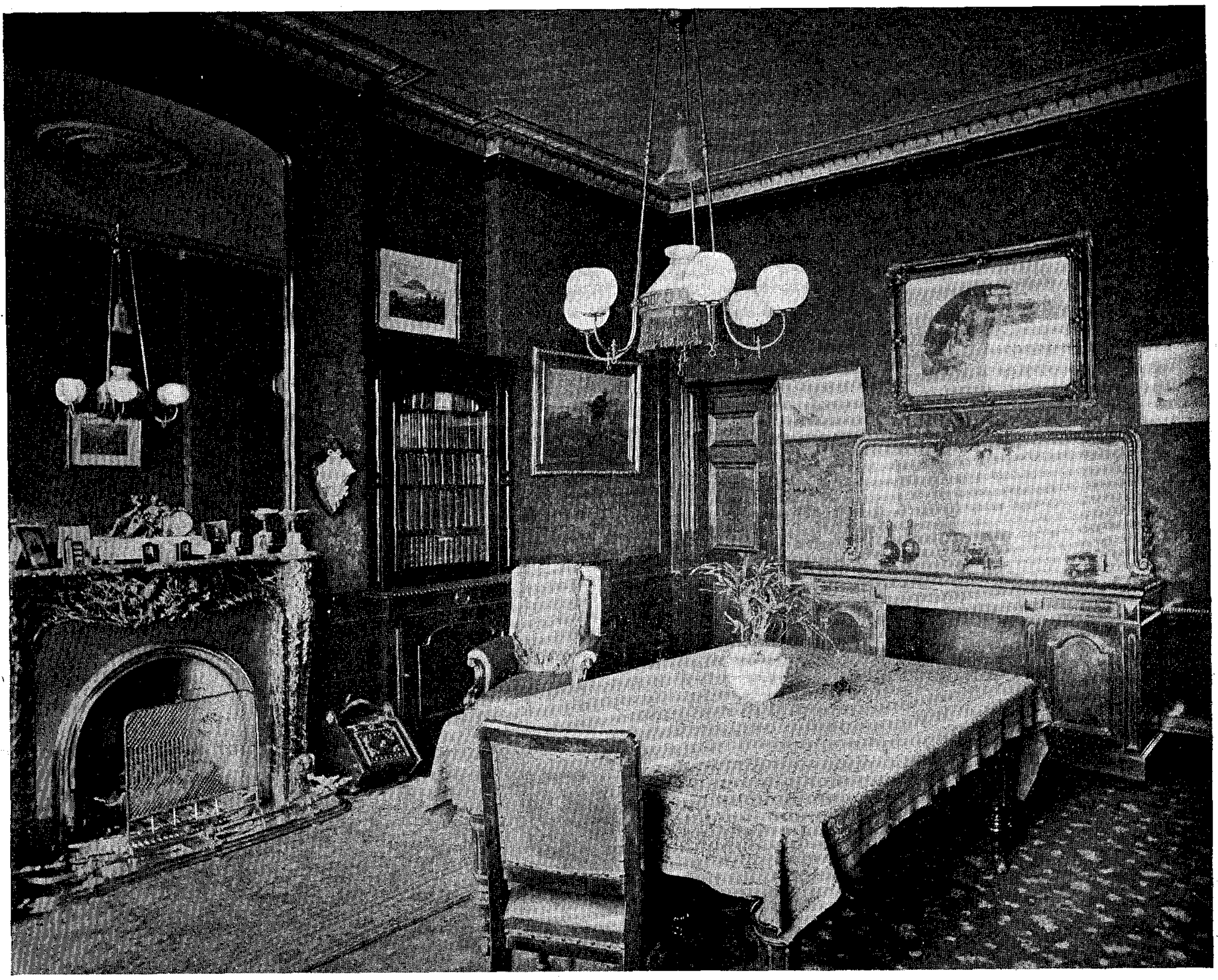
Yours very truly
George Williams

FACSIMILE OF SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS'S WRITING

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Kinnaird

The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird

With the single exception of Sir George Williams himself, as President and Founder, Lord Kinnaird is probably the best-known friend of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Great Britain and Ireland. And in several other important religious and philanthropic movements, centrally represented in London, Lord Kinnaird, because his sympathies are similar, is brought into close and intimate touch with Sir George. Hence the peculiar appropri-

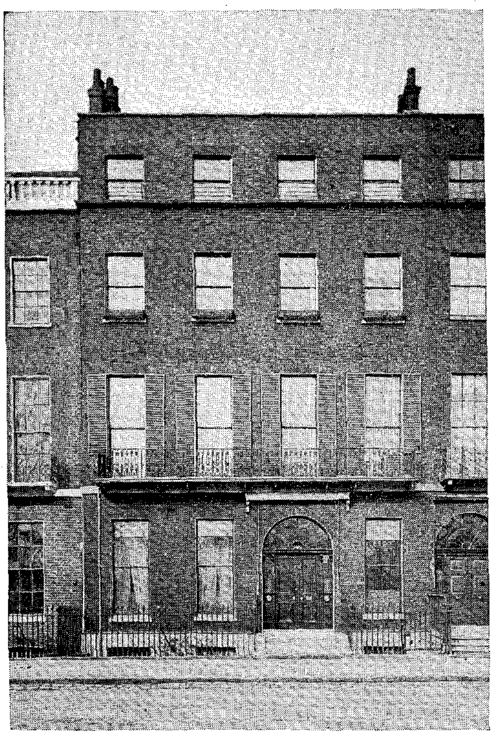


SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS'S LIBRARY

ateness and value of his article upon Sir George's life and work.

Arthur Fitzgerald Kinnaird was born in 1847, and succeeded in 1887 to his present title, which carries with it the dignity of English as well as Scottish peerage. In Scotland his seat is Rossie Priory, Inchture, Perthshire; he has town and suburban residences also in the metropolis, where his busy working days are spent.

For Lord Kinnaird is brimful of activity. As partner in one of the principal banking houses in London, he undertakes constant and responsible work; and his readiness to assist good enterprises of any and every kind further entails upon him much exacting labor—often to the extent of spending the greater part of the night in a train, if by this deprivation a worthy cause may be advanced and workers in it helped or encouraged. His Parliamentary duties, moreover, as a peer of the realm, are not infrequently very heavy. Only recently he has given much attention, as a member of her Majesty's Royal Commission on Sunday observance, to the law in relation to this important question.



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS'S HOUSE
13 Russell Square, Bloomsbury, W. C.

In earlier years Lord Kinnaird was largely identified with Mr. Quintin Hogg in an endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes of boys in London. But while the flux of time has tended to focus Mr. Hogg's efforts upon the oversight and development of his splendid Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, it has widened the sympathies of Lord Kinnaird, and greatly enlarged the sphere of his generous help. He is still one of the warmest supporters of the Homes for Working Boys; but he displays also very cordial and practical interest in the work of numerous other prominent Christian enterprises, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London City Mission, etc.

Most of all, perhaps, his time and resources are freely devoted to furthering the work of the Young Women's and the Young Men's Christian Associations. Of the former—in behalf of which his sisters, the Hon. Misses Kinnaird, are zealous workers—he is President; he is President also of the Scottish Union of Young Men's Christian Associations; and is a leading Vice-President of the English Union of the same organization.

It is significant in regard to his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, for the *spiritual* side of whose work he is an earnest champion, that Lord Kinnaird is keenly interested in all branches of athletics, particularly in football, and that he holds office as President of the National Football Association. Nothing will more surely serve the best interests of an institution like the Young Men's Christian Association than to have prominent on its governing body men of Lord Kinnaird's energeti robust, and practical influence.

The Junior Republic at Freeville

By Washington Gladden

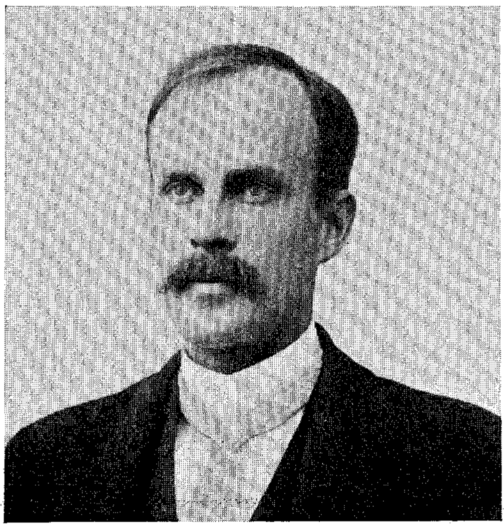
A DELIGHTFUL ride of thirty-eight miles on the first day of September, through the ripening corn-fields and the heavily laden apple orchards of Tioga and Tompkins Counties in New York, brought a carriage-load of us to the gates of the Junior Republic at Freeville. Gates must be taken metaphorically; for road-fences are not in vogue in these parts, and the domain of the Republic is open on one side to the highway. Our chariot stopped in front of a small frame cottage, designated as the "Capitol" by a pasteboard label on the door. A young man of thirty, coarsely clad, was talking with some animation to a group of visitors; a few boys and girls, more or less clothed, were standing near him apparently waiting for an interview; to him one of our party presented himself, and found, as he had supposed, that he was speaking to the founder and President of the Junior Republic, Mr. W. R. George. For the rest of the afternoon, and for two or three hours the next day, Mr. George was kind enough to devote himself largely to our instruction, and we were able to gain considerable insight into the administration of this notable commonwealth.

At the time of our visit the census of the Republic showed a population of 173 boys and girls, from the age of eight or nine to seventeen or eighteen—all gathered from the slums of the great cities, most of them from New York. A few remain through the year, but the great majority are residents for only two months in the summer; two days after our visit camp was broken, and the body of the citizens returned to their homes and were reabsorbed by that larger and worse-governed community which generally takes its orders from Tammany Hall. But for two months they have been a free and self-governing society, working out an experiment of great interest to philanthropists and statesmen.

IN THE BANK

The cashier of the bank shown in the above picture was the capitalist of the Junior Republic last summer. He was also Senator the greater part of the season. He immortalized himself while in Congress in the season of 1895 by framing and introducing the bill that effectually abolished the public support of paupers, the terms of the bill declaring that "A feller what don't work sha'n't eat."

Mr. George, whose home is now in New York, is a native of Freeville, a country hamlet nine miles from Ithaca; and the impulse in which this movement originated was a desire to give some of the children of the slums a taste of country life, as he remembered it, among these hills. With the aid of his mother he brought, five or six years ago, twenty-two children into the country for a two weeks' outing; the next year his caravan numbered two hundred and ten, and he kept them in camp the same length of time; for the next three years the number averaged about two hundred and fifty. These brief summer camps were under his own and his mother's care; they tried to give some instruction in religion, patriotism, and various simple industries. In the summer of 1895 the Junior Republic was fully organized, and the term of residence was two months. Early this summer the farm of forty-eight acres was purchased by the trustees of the corporation which has now been formed to support this project; the barns and sheds have been rudely remodeled to serve as barracks, in some of which are located the offices and assembly-rooms; some of the sleeping-rooms and restaurants are in extemporized shelters with canvas walls. In these unpretending quarters, and on the broad expanse of this sightly hill, are gathered eight or ten score boys and girls, drawn from the least promising homes of New York; and here they constitute a civil and industrial society, with a Congress, with civil and criminal courts, with police and executive officers, with a military organization and a prison, with a bank, also, and a currency of their own, and with industry and commerce in full blast. Mr. George is President of this Republic, by divine right, I suppose; he reserves the veto power and uses it sparingly; but he assumes no dictatorship; the responsibility for the government rests upon the citizens. The Constitution of the United States and the laws of the State of New York are accepted as fundamental in this Republic, but the legislative body enacts such laws as may be needed by this community, and enforces them by its own executive and judicial officers. Last year the Cabinet officers were adults, chosen from among the helpers of Mr. George; this year he has selected his advisers from among the citizens of the Republic. The Judge of the Civil Court is a boy of sixteen or seventeen; he is also commander of the battalion. The Judge of the Criminal Court is a boy of perhaps fourteen; he is adjutant of the militia.



WILLIAM R. GEORGE

The Congressional term lasts only one week, and its representation, like that of the mediæval cities, is by guilds. There are six industrial classes—in farming, landscape-gardening, carpentry, cooking, millinery, and sewing; each of these was originally represented in the lower house, there being one representative for every twelve members. This made a body too large and too expensive, for officials are paid a moderate stipend in the coin of the Republic; the number of representatives in the lower house has been reduced to seven. The Senate consisted of one representative from each of the six classes, and Senators held office two weeks. All laws must pass both houses and be signed by the President. The statute-book, which lay open upon a table in one of the offices, contained such enactments as these:

“The right of suffrage is hereby extended to all citizens over twelve years of age, without distinction of sex.”

“Candidates desiring to practice law in the Republic shall pass the civil service examination, and also a special examination before the judges.”

“Gross impoliteness at table or in other places shall be regarded as a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment.”

“A poll-tax of thirty cents shall be levied on every citizen for the week ending July 20. Those who are unable to pay shall work out the amount in government employment.”

A GUARDIAN AND HIS WARD

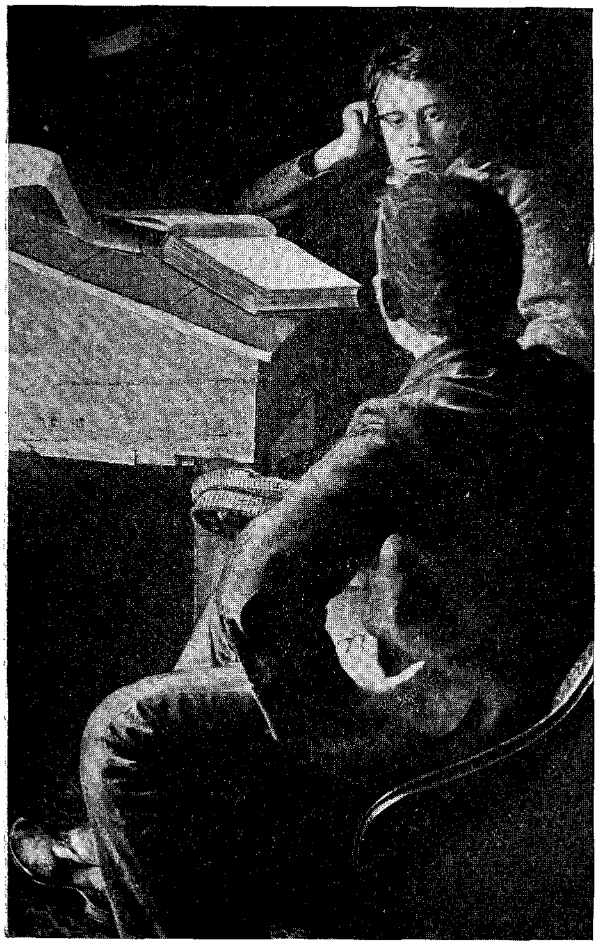
Boys and girls under twelve years of age are not admitted to the Junior Republic unless some junior citizen above that age adopts the young person and assumes all the responsibility of a regular parent or guardian. This little boy, nine years of age, created quite a sensation a short time ago in the city of Syracuse. He committed arson on three occasions and burglary twice. He is now in the custody of the Junior Republic, and is consummately happy in the midst of his new surroundings.

That the laws of this Republic would be sometimes violated in a society composed of such elements might be safely predicted, but the provision for the detection and punishment of misdemeanors seems to be adequate. The policeman is, indeed, much in evidence. This is the department of government which possesses a special attraction for the average New York boy. His estimate of the blessedness of a policeman's life is not that of the familiar lyric; and the list of applicants for appointment on the police force is always formidable at the opening of the season. But the civil service examination proves an insuperable barrier to the ambition of many of them, and gives them a new and vivid sense of the value of an English education. One youngster, who had risen, hopelessly plucked, from this examination, exclaimed: “I don't play hooky this winter, you bet! I'll come back here next year and git to be a cop.” The boys thus selected are distinguished by a simple uniform and equipped with a club, and the peace of the Republic is committed to their keeping. Most of them act very promptly and courageously in any case of disorder, and the sense of the sacredness of law enables the small boy with the policeman's badge to lead to the lockup a lawbreaker much bigger than himself.

The prisoner when arrested is taken before the magistrate; if the offense is not bailable, he is committed for trial. These trials are conducted in regular form—the prosecuting attorney conducts the case for the people, the prisoner has his counsel, and a jury of boys is empaneled. Mr. George says that, as a rule, these verdicts are remarkably just; that they nearly always command the popular approval. Offenders are sentenced by the court to labor “on the gang,” as the boys call it; they are reduced to the grade of convicts and taken in charge by a keeper, and dressed in stripes; they exchange their name for a number, and work all day instead of half a day, receiving no wages, and only the plainest fare. The severity of this treatment makes an impression even on the toughest boys of the East Side gangs. Mr. George told us of one boy who had been sent to jail in the afternoon before our arrival. “I saw that boy,” he said, “sentenced once by a Police Judge in New York, and he laughed in the Judge's face; the spirit of the outcast was so strong in him that he deemed himself a hero because he had fallen under the ban of the civil law, and he knew that he would be so regarded by all his associates. But this afternoon, when a boy no older than himself pronounced upon him the sentence of our court, he broke down and cried. I have seen this very thing four times in this place.”

To the query whether this regimen of actual prison bars and stripes is not pretty severe, Mr. George replies that it undoubtedly is, but that he does not wish the boys to get the impression that a prison is a picnic ground, or that the way of the transgressor is easy. And his testimony is that the discipline is effectual: that offenses rapidly lessen as the weeks pass.

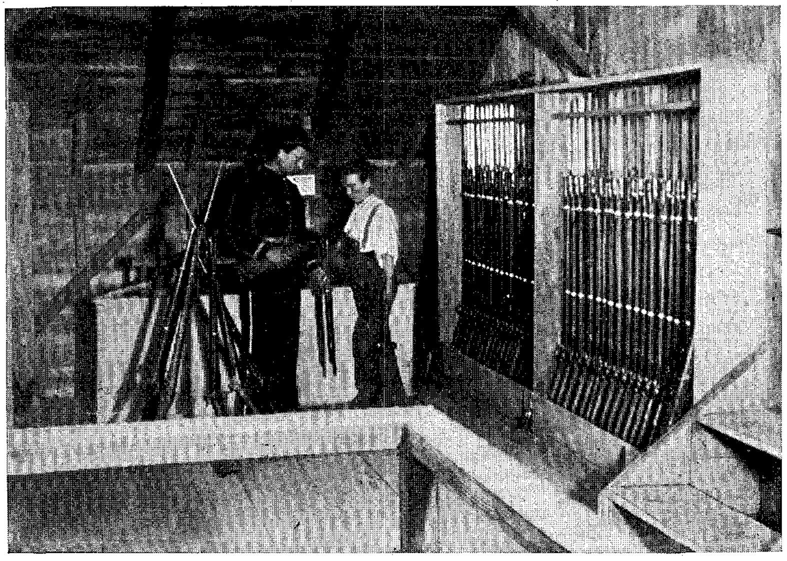
The economic features of this commonwealth are not less interesting. Self-support as well as self-government is required of these citizens. The moment a boy arrives on the scene he is made aware of the fact that he must live by his industry. Work is ready for him in the industrial classes named; for this work he will be paid in the coin of the realm—his wages varying with his fidelity and efficiency, and out of these wages he must pay for his own food and lodging. A little more than half of the day is devoted to work, the remainder to recreation. No one is



A LAWYER AND HIS CLIENT

IN THE LAUNDRY

compelled to work except by the compulsion of his own necessities. If he choose to play ball or to lie upon the grass, that is his privilege; but when dinner-time comes he must have in his hand the price of his dinner or he will not be admitted to the restaurant. Possibly he may borrow of his industrious and thrifty neighbor, but this soon becomes difficult. The government does not support a pauper class in idleness. One of the earlier statutes declares that "No tax shall be levied for the support of the boy or girl who can work and won't." The afternoon of our arrival a gang of boys were at work with pickaxes, shovels, and a wheelbarrow, grading a portion of the grounds under the supervision of an overseer. It was after working hours, and I inquired of the overseer, in short trousers, what they were doing. "Oh," said he, "these fellows are out of money, and they have been set at work, under government employ, to earn enough to pay for their supper and their breakfast. We make them work about three hours, at ten cents an hour; to-morrow, if they don't like this, they can go to work and earn their living in the regular way." "But how do they happen to be out of money?" I asked. "They have been lazy, or else they have squandered their money." "How do boys squander their money here?" "On candy, or apples, or whatever they see that they want to buy."

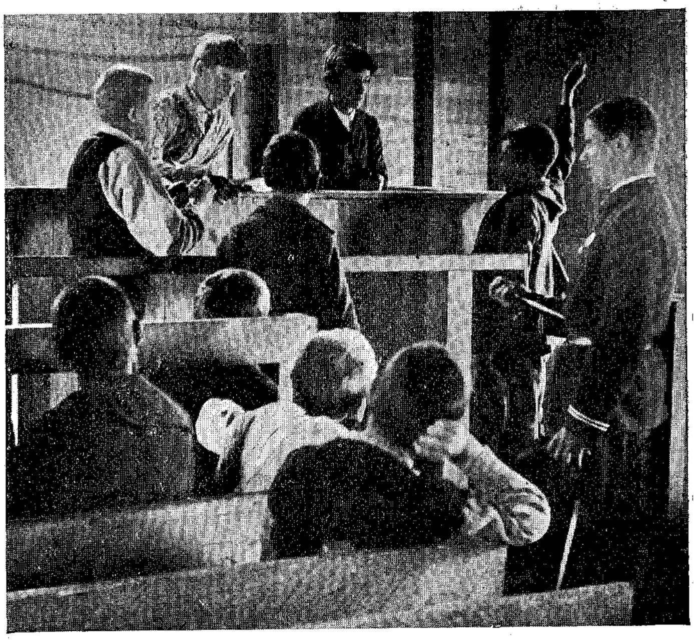


IN THE ARMORY

The coin of the realm consists of tin discs, of diameters similar to those of our silver and nickel coins, and bearing the same denominations; in this money laborers and officials are paid, once a week, for their services; with this money they must pay for meals and lodgings, and there is a store filled with contributed second-hand clothing and other useful goods in which purchases can be made for their money. There is also a commercial class which manages to procure and bring into the camp fruit, candies, and various knickknacks, which are sold to the laboring and professional classes for their currency, and some of these thrifty traders contrive to amass wealth; social distinctions quickly appear in this rudimentary society, and you hear the boys talking about the "rich fellers" and the "plutocrats."

The life of the camp is, of course, of the plainest; the beds are wooden cots, and the bill of fare, at the best, offers none but the commonest viands. But even here there are degrees, and the boys have dubbed their best lodging-house the "Waldorf," while the high-grade restaurant where the "plutocrats" take their meals is known as "Delmonico's," and a less expensive one as "Sherry's."

One does not wisely pronounce upon the probable outcome of a social experiment as new and as bold as this; but it is safe to say that Mr. George has seized upon a great idea, and that his attempt to realize it appears, thus far, to be meeting with a fair measure of success. To bring two or three hundred boys and girls of this class into the country and put them under conditions where self-support and self-government are required of them is a daring undertaking; if even partial success can be reported it is a notable fact. And I cannot doubt that strong and salutary impressions are made upon most of these boys and girls. The great majority of them come from homes in which the habit of dependence is forming, and the sentiment of the submerged tenth, that the world owes them a living, is apt to prevail. Here they find themselves in a society which stoutly repudiates that sentiment, maintaining that it owes to no citizen anything more than a fair chance to earn an honest living, and which proposes to deal summarily with him if he refuses to accept that chance. And the order of things is such that the lazy and extravagant must eat the fruit of their own doings; there is nobody to step in here, as our public and private charities are constantly doing, to protect them from the consequences of their own folly. What they sow they must reap. Those who are diligent and frugal live well, enjoy the respect of their fellow-citizens, accumulate the money of the realm, exchange it for real values, and go home with decent clothes and with food and raiment purchased with their savings for their friends. Those who will not work, or who waste their earnings, sleep much of their time in paupers' beds, are forced to work for their keeping while the rest are at play, and go home at last as ragged as they came, with no recompense in their hands.



THE POLICE COURT

It is needless to say that those who return in that plight do not think well of the Junior Republic, and that their parents, who have trained them to be idlers and sponges, are often highly indignant when their children come home to them in this condition. To such the Republic would have seemed a far better thing if it had taken them into the country, fed them in idleness for a few weeks on milk and honey, and sent them home laden with the spoils of the charitable.

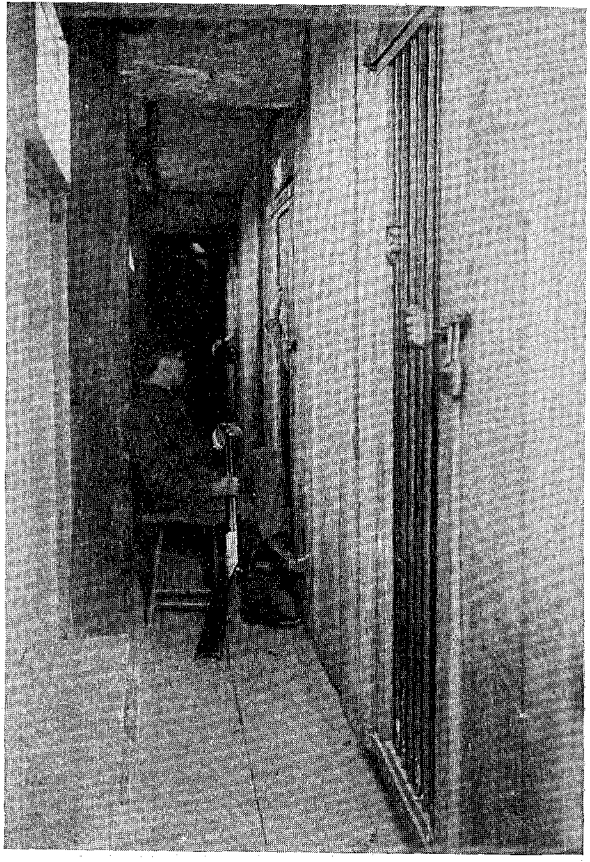
Mr. George asks all the boys and girls of the Republic, on one of the last days in camp, to put down, with entire frankness, in writing, their impressions of the commonwealth. A large number of these are printed in the last report, and some of them are explicit in their dislike of the whole business. One says: "I don't like sinc im here for we starf an i wish i wars home caus i dont haf to work." Another testifies that he doesn't like the boys—"they tease me so much cause ime poor. I would like it better if it was near a candy store."

Others, however, put a different estimate on their experience. One boy writes: "I have learned a great deal. I didn't know what the Legislature was when I came here, but I know what it is good for now. I have saved $45 since I am here. I have worked for every cent I got. I think I am a good citizen now. I know how to vote and I am proud of it." And another testifies: "The prison taught me a good lesson. You bet I won't get in there any more." And another: "The bank has helped me very much in saving my money." And still another, who is clearly one of the most thoughtful of all:

"What is charity? It is to me, to tell the honest truth, but the ruining of the majority of the people who receive it. In time they rely on charity, expect things, and think it is all right if they do not work for their living. It breeds them into pauperism to such an extent that they begin to be a heavy weight on the commonwealth. How is it that we have tramps? What are they in other sense of the word but paupers? Are you helping them? No, you are ruining them. Do not give things unless they work for them, and then tramps shall diminish and our country far more prosperous. We are taught here to rely on ourselves. Without working we cannot get food and clothing. What are we to do? We must work. It places all responsibility on ourselves. We are taught what citizenship means. We make the laws a training which shall last us through life. Our money is the machine in city politics but not out here. We are put on our own resources. We have to pay for our meals. How proud I felt the first week when I saw the money I earned! How I prized it! It was almost sacred. Why was it that I prized it? Because I earned it. Why was it my meals tasted so good? Because I paid for them."

IN THE POTATO-FIELD

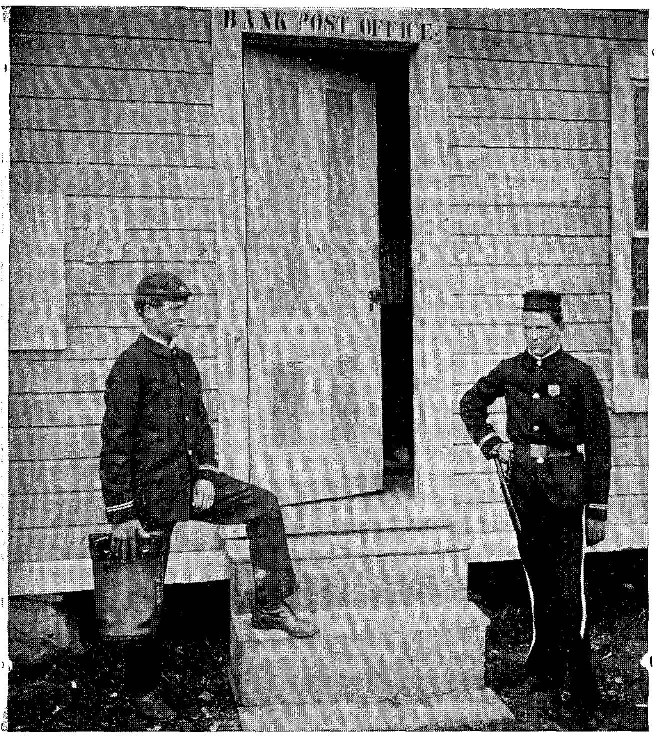
It is clear that this Junior Republican has caught the idea—quite a number of ideas—that a large share of our senior republicans—makers of laws, platform orators, administrators of charity—have failed to catch. If even a few hundred boys can be thoroughly furnished with such ideas and distributed through the city populations, they may prove to be the little leaven which shall leaven the whole lump.



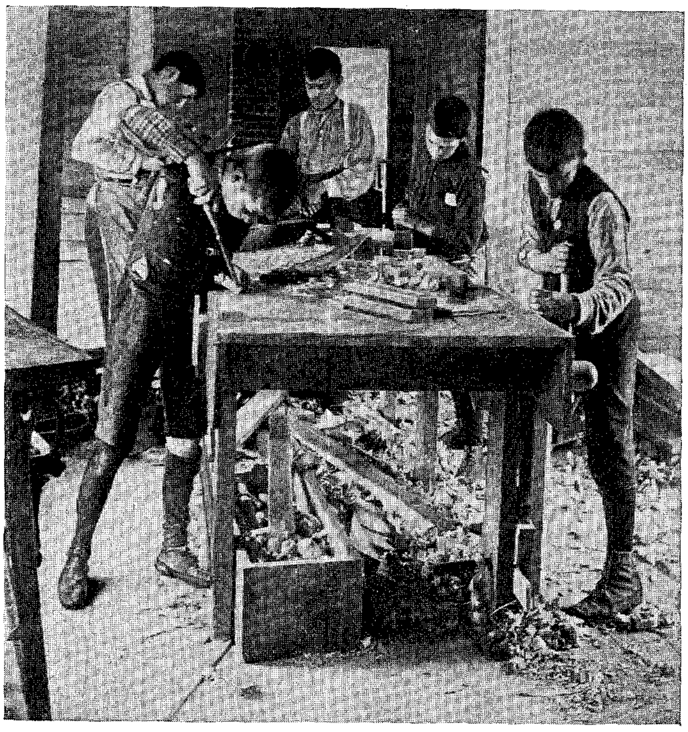
PRISON CORRIDOR

There is a pathetic little sketch in the last report of a boy who through idleness and extravagance had been for several weeks on the pauper list, and who finally turned right about and made a stand for independence. Mr. George found him looking over his weekly earnings, which he had tied up in seven parcels—money enough for each day's expenses—"dis pile for Monday, dis for Tuesday, and so on. You see, don't youse," he explained, "dat I've got 'em tied up so dey can't get away!" And then, with a more serious air, he told Mr. George that his father's weekly wage was wont to disappear during the first two or three days of every week, and that the children were apt to go hungry for the rest of the week unless the "mission folks" helped them. "An' I was t'inkin' just now, when you come up, dat if dis fixin' up camp money worked for me all right, I could tell me parents, an' mebby we could make it work wid pop's money." His letter at the end of the summer shows that he had made a great discovery. "I hev learned how to save money, and how to work for my money. . . . At first I was pauper caus I did not no how to save money but I no how to save money now and I am not paupper any more." The spelling of this brief extract is not all accurate, but there is more of a sound philosophy of life in it than in some whole economic libraries, and in several cart-loads of campaign speeches.

It is easier to criticise than to create, and it may seem ungracious to offer any suggestions of amendment; but,



POLICEMAN AND U. S. MAIL-CARRIER



CARPENTER SHOP

because this thing is so essentially good, one does not wish to see its success imperiled by remediable errors. My own hasty inspection leads to the belief that a few things could be mended.

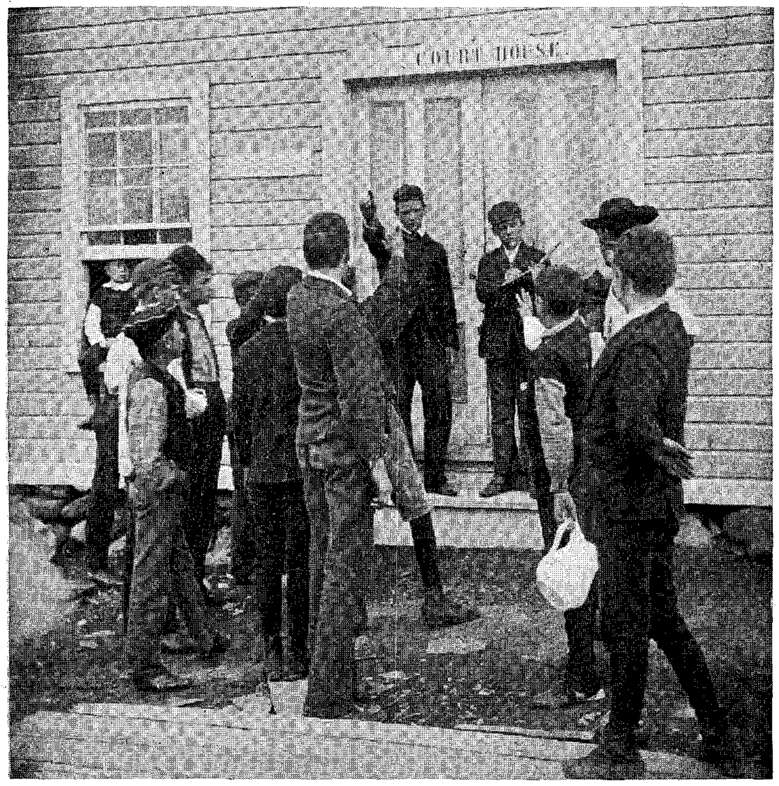
1. Some of the citizens are too young to profit by the discipline. The lower limit of twelve years of age should be strictly adhered to.

2. I doubt the wisdom of co-education in this case.

3. The term of the camp is too short. Four months or six would be far better.

4. Mr. George ought to be relieved by some capable executive officer of all the business details of the administration, that he might devote himself wholly to the social interests of the Republic.

5. Some limit should be placed upon the admission of visitors, by whose presence the time of the officers is absorbed and the business of the community impeded. I am one of the offenders on this score, and I should be glad to prevent others from repeating my offense.



SALE OF CONTRACTS

6. Most serious of all is what seems to me an error in the undue complication of economic questions through a system of importations and a tariff which constantly affects the value of the camp currency, and tends to promote speculation and to discourage honest industry. Curiously enough, all these symptoms were apparent in this miniature Republic at the time of my visit. Financial questions of this grade are too deep for any but the shrewdest of these citizens, and it is doubtful whether it is wise to train them in operations largely speculative. It would be wiser if there were no importations and no tariff; if the articles employed in the trade of the Republic were furnished by the managers at uniform prices, to be paid for in the currency of the Republic, so that traffic might flow on in an even and normal current, unflurried by booms or panics.

These criticisms, which are submitted, under correction, for what they are worth, do not touch the essential spirit and purpose of the scheme, in which I am deeply interested. And one does not need to be many hours upon the grounds before he discovers that, while the plan is a novel one, and while great possibilities in the way of education seem to be suggested by it, the real motive power of it all is the faith and hope and love in the heart of the man who is its founder.

For a Day

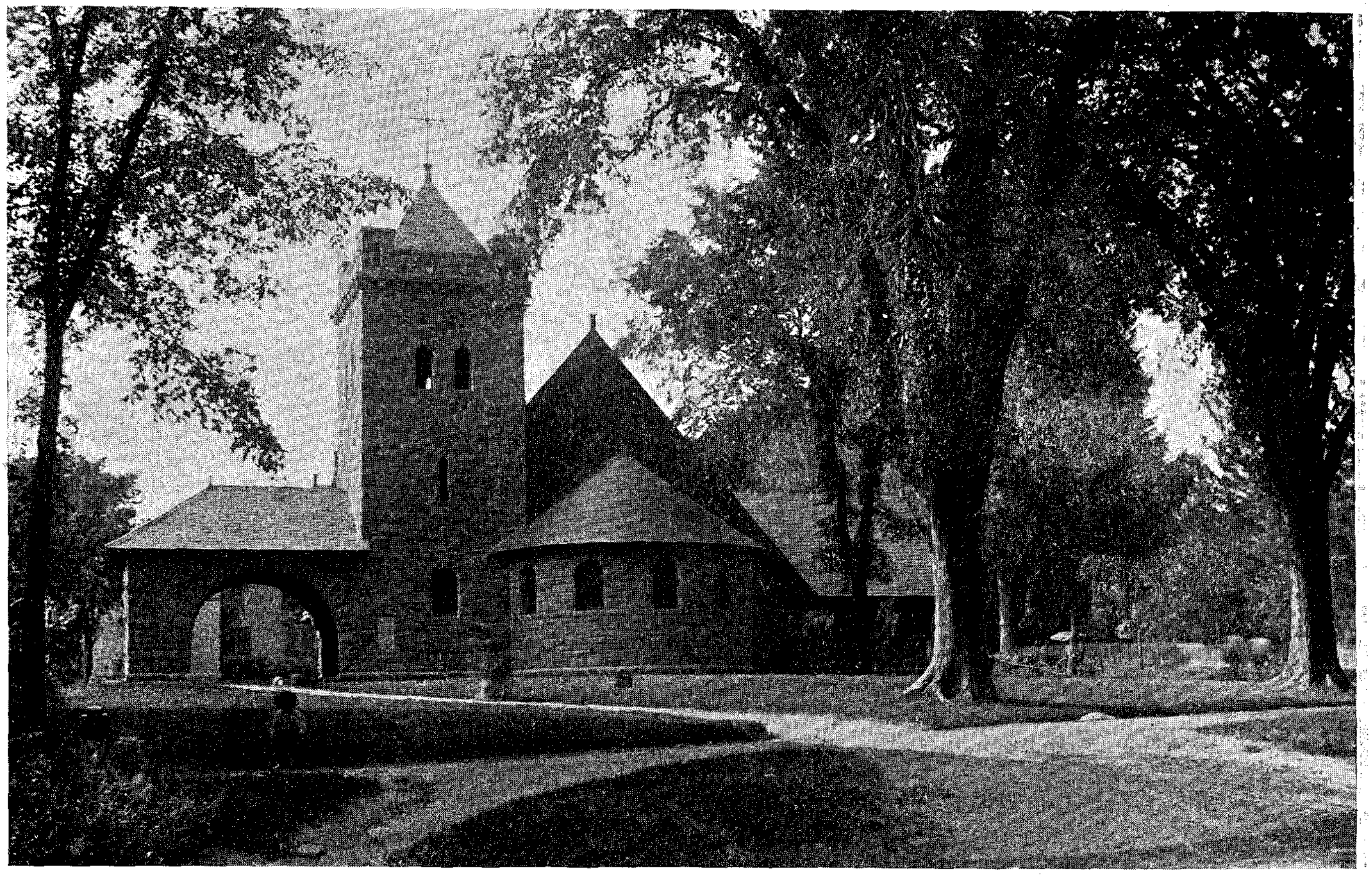
By William Watson

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
Went your bright way, and left me to fall back
On my own world of poorer deed and aim.

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel
Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,—
In a brief pause of labor's sullen wheel,—
'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown,

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
Saw mountains mirroring the perfect sky,
Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul
The torment of the difference till he die.

—*Selected.*



A SETTING OF ELMS AND LAWN
Greenwich, Conn.

The Rural Church

II.—" A Gem Without a Setting "[1]

By J. Cleveland Cady

WHEN, "once upon a time," a distinguished man, and a devoted lover of nature, came to settle in one of the most rural suburbs of New York, he found the leading men of the place intent upon building a church which, to his alarm, was to be of a cheap but very "showy" character—"a cathedral in a bandbox." The modest means, attained only with great difficulty, of course limited the outlay, while the uncultivated tastes of the people demanded a building as pretentious as those of the larger communities with which they were acquainted. With considerable shrewdness the newcomer offered to furnish the services of an architect of repute as his donation—an offer which was gladly accepted, no one realizing how it would probably affect the character and outcome of the scheme.

Church committees often regard the architect as one who puts into a practical "working" shape a scheme which they have mutually agreed upon—they seldom foresee the serious results of their choice of a practitioner; that if he is uncultivated and tasteless, he will of necessity lead their efforts to a crude and disagreeable outcome; that if he is not particularly in sympathy with the work, he will guide them in ways that will be sure to be regretted while the edifice lasts.

In the case which we narrate the architect was in love with his work, and his enthusiasm for that which would be sensible and beautiful gradually turned the ideas of the people from a tall, ambitious building in stucco to a simple, low-walled church of stone, greatly to the relief of the newcomer, as he realized that the hamlet would be beautified instead of disgraced by its new house of worship. With great interest he often called the attention of his friends to what were to him very attractive features of the scheme: the coziness suggested by its low, massive walls; the dignity of its simple, dominating roof; the picturesque character gained in a most natural way from two of its very useful features—the generous Sunday-school hall, and the broad, spreading porch that seemed to speak "welcome" to every passer-by. He also called attention to the fact that in the perspective the architect had suggested that a portion of the very ample grounds be used as "God's acre"—the burial-place of the hamlet.

There was one danger, however, which he did not realize—a danger arising from a very common fault among our countrymen—that of underestimating the importance of a suitable and generous site. He was, therefore, greatly surprised one day to hear the chairman of the committee remark that they would place the new building about fifteen feet back of the roadside walk! The architect, who was present, was the first to recover from surprise (and lose his temper), and exclaimed, with considerable heat, that "such an atrocious course would ruin the building," and "they might as well give the whole thing up."

The chairman, however, coolly remarked that "in Putney," where he was brought up, "the church was only nine feet from the sidewalk, and it was dreadfully convenient; besides, it had the advantage that every one could see the building all the way up and down the road a great deal better than if it had been further back."

The architect replied that "it was far more interesting *not* to see the whole of a building at once, but little by little—the sight of one part stimulating the desire to see more; that curiosity and interest were excited by being obliged to make some effort to view the whole; that it was gratifying to find something still in store after the first glance had been taken." "Furthermore," he said, "a low, spreading, rambling building, such as ours will be, will especially need an ample setting of grounds to bring out its beauties; its easy lines will not be suited to a stiff, cramped, mechanical-looking plot."

As the rural committee, however, did not feel the force of these remonstrances, they determined upon locating the church not far from the street; and the newcomer, seeing that nothing could be gained by further argument, determined upon a piece of strategy that accomplished his purpose.

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[1] For the previous article see The Outlook for September 26.

Being appointed, with the chairman and secretary, a committee to locate the corner stake for the builders to base their building lines upon, he suggested to his two committeemen that they should take the end of the tape-line and go to what would be the further end of the church—a hundred feet or more away: he would tell them where to stop, and then the peg could be driven. So he allowed the elderly gentlemen to go forward until he was quite satisfied that the church would be well away from the road, when he called upon them to stop, and, hurrying to them, assisted in driving the stake. When he was afterwards asked by friends, who found out the joke practiced, how he "could thus do evil that good might come," he replied that he was only carrying out the injunction of the Apostle—"catching them with guile."

No sooner, however, did the massive walls go up than every one realized what a serious mistake would have been made had not the handsome foreground been secured for the building; and still later, when a tasteful use of trees and shrubs gave great beauty to the site, there was a general feeling that they had narrowly escaped a serious blunder.

A thoughtful person, speaking of it, said: "I think the beauty of our lovely church is more than doubled by its charming setting of lawn, trees, shrubs, and vines; it reminds me of a contrast a lapidary showed me not long since—two precious stones, equal in size and beauty, one without setting and the other with the most skillful and ingenious one that artist could devise—a setting that strikingly displayed the beauty of the gem, that seemed also to separate it by a harmonious environment from all surrounding objects. One could not believe the other stone to be as valuable; as I have thought it over, I have realized that without its beautiful grounds our church would be 'a gem without a setting.'"

How well this characterizes any beautiful rural church that does not possess ample grounds tastefully and judiciously treated!

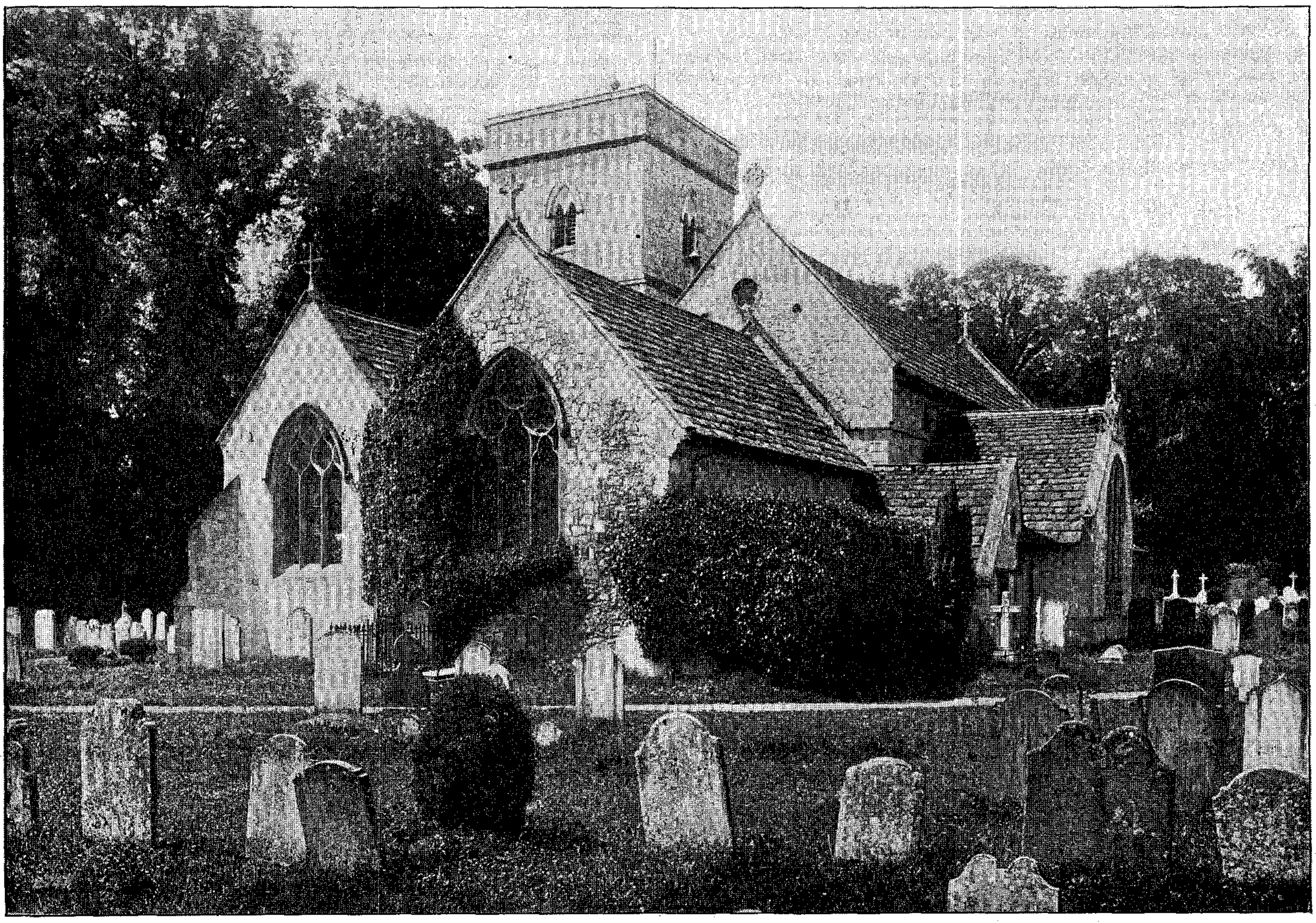
In a picturesque New England town the writer not long since met a very instructive example of this kind—a beautiful, carefully studied Gothic church, the design of one of our most eminent architects.

The stone used in construction was a soft, warm gray, which exhibited its pretty detail and pleasing features to excellent advantage. It was apparently about fifty feet in width by one hundred in length, and, surprising to relate, was placed on a plot only seventy-five feet in width. As treated, a passage of ten feet was left on the north side, and one of fifteen feet on the south, which was the entrance front of the building. The chancel being on the end toward the street, the main porch, the tower, and other features were placed on this long south front with its fifteen-foot strip of ground, the limitations of which were strongly emphasized by a high, uncompromising fence that the owner of the adjoining property had erected to keep the "church people" and Sunday-school children off his grounds.

The space on either side of the building being fully occupied by road and path, there was, of course, no space for trees or grass. As careful observation revealed the beauty of the design, the wonder grew that it should have been built upon so limited a plot, and the regret that this architectural gem so completely lacked a setting quite neutralized all pleasure in it. It was found to be a difficult matter to get any good idea of its merits without entering the neighboring properties; the chancel was the only portion that could be seen to advantage, and that was but one end of a long, rambling structure.

Let us consider what was lacking in this instance, besides the opportunity to see the various portions of the building to advantage.

The first lack in this and any similar case is that of perspective. By this is meant the lack of space and natural surroundings that seem to bring the several portions and features of the building into more complete unity and better relationship. In the pleasing vistas which are obtained, different portions and features become promi-



"GOD'S ACRE" THE SETTING
Betchworth Church, England

nent, while from some points the entire ensemble is visible, its outline softened and modified by the foliage of the great overhanging trees.

Still another lack, where such grounds are wanting, is that of color.

From the neatly kept turf, the varied foliage of trees and vines, a charming variety of greens is brought in contrast with the stone of the walls and the covering of the roofs. This, with the play of light, of shadow and sunshine, modifies and softens the otherwise monotonous, and possibly hard, color of the building as by magic, and we wonder at the subtle charm.

Lastly, the lack of suitable grounds involves not only a lack of perspective and color, but also of sentiment—an element which is sure to be felt or missed as the case may be, though the cause of our sensations may not always be recognized.

The impression made by any beautiful spot is one that lingers long and delightfully in the memory, but when it is strongly associated with tender and sacred memories its impressiveness is greatly deepened.

In journeying through rural England one is often charmed, not only with the country church, but especially with its surroundings. Within its inclosure is the "churchyard," with its grassy mounds that remind of those who generations ago came here to worship; who perhaps were christened, married, and buried here; whose most hallowed hours and brightest hopes were connected with this place; there they slumber under the shadow of its low, sturdy tower and spreading trees—a beautiful and enviable resting-place.

As we pass on, what a lovely view we get of the tower, framed between the arching branches of the great trees! Perhaps it is spring, and the tall lilacs, trimmed as trees, are in beautiful bloom and delicious odor. How they recall early impressions, and many a personality whose memory is most sweet and fragrant!

Nature, in its changing moods so full of varied beauty, is continually reminding us of the power and wisdom of Him whose worship is celebrated here. Surely the relation of gem and setting is a very intimate and important one.

In a locality where the charming accessories of nature are within reach, is it not a great mistake to fail to devote a reasonable portion of the means in hand for securing them?

Would it not be better to build more simply, to forego something of ornamentation, and gain such great natural attractions; and, even if our "gem" be a very humble one, give it the charm that a judicious "setting" can add—a charm which would constantly increase with the changing seasons and the flight of years?

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

The Rabbi had been careful to send an abstract of his speech to Carmichael, with a letter enough to melt the heart even of a self-sufficient young clerical, and Carmichael had considered how he should bear himself at the Presbytery. His intention had been to meet the Rabbi with public cordiality and escort him to a seat, so that all men should see that he was too magnanimous to be offended by this latest eccentricity of their friend. This calculated plan was upset by the Rabbi coming in late and taking the first seat that offered, and when he would have gone afterward to thank him for his generosity the Rabbi had disappeared. It was evident that the old man's love was as deep as ever, but that he was much hurt and would not risk another repulse. Very likely he had walked in from Kilbogie, perhaps without breakfast, and had now started to return to his cheerless manse. It was a wetting spring rain, and he remembered that the Rabbi had no coat. A fit of remorse overtook Carmichael, and he scoured the streets of Muirtown to find the Rabbi, imagining deeds of attention—how he would capture him unawares mooning along some side street hopelessly astray; how he would accuse him of characteristic cunning and deep plotting; how he would carry him by force to the Kilspindie Arms and insist upon their dining in state; how the Rabbi would wish to discharge the account and find twopence in his pockets—having given all his silver to an Irish Presbyterian minister stranded in Muirtown through peculiar circumstances; how he would speak gravely to the Rabbi on the lack of common honesty, and threaten a real prosecution when the charge would be "obtaining a dinner on false pretenses;" how they would journey to Kildrummie in high content, and—the engine having whistled for a dog-cart—they would drive to Drumtochty manse, the sun shining through ther ain as they entered the garden; how he would compass the Rabbi with observances, and the old man would sit again in the big chair full of joy and peace. Ah, the kindly jests that have not come off in life, the gracious deeds that never were done, the reparations that were too late! When Carmichael reached the station the Rabbi was already half-way to Kilbogie, trudging along wet and weary and very sad, because, although he had obeyed his conscience at a cost, it seemed to him as if he had simply alienated the boy whom God had given him for a son in his old age—for even the guileless Rabbi suspected that the ecclesiastics considered his action foolishness and of no service to the Church of God. Barbara's language on his arrival was vituperative to a degree; she gave him food grudgingly, and when, in the early morning, he fell asleep over an open Father, he was repeating Carmichael's name, and the thick old paper was soaked with tears.

His nemesis seized Carmichael so soon as he reached the Dunleith train in the shape of the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie, who had purchased six pounds of prize seed potatoes and was carrying the treasure home in a paper bag. This bag had done after its kind, and as the distinguished agriculturist had not seen his feet for years, and could have stooped only at the risk of apoplexy, he watched the dispersion of his potatoes with dismay, and hailed the arrival of Carmichael with exclamations of thankfulness. It is wonderful over what an area six pounds of (prize) potatoes can deploy on a railway platform, and how the feet of passengers will carry them unto far distances. Some might never have been restored to the bag had it not been for Kildrummie's comprehensive eye, and the physical skill with which he guided Carmichael, till even prodigals that had strayed over to the neighborhood of the Aberdeen express were restored to the extemporized fold in the minister's top-coat pockets. Carmichael had knelt on that very platform six months or so before, but then he stooped in the service of two most agreeable dogs, and under the approving eyes of Miss Carnegie; that was a different experience from hunting after single potatoes on all fours among the feet of unsympathetic passengers, and being prodded to duty by the umbrella of an obese Free Kirk minister. As a reward for this service to the aged, he was obliged to travel to Kildrummie with his neighbor—in whom for the native humor that was in him he had often rejoiced, but whose company was not congenial that day—and Kildrummie laid himself out for a pleasant talk. After the sorts had been secured and their pedigree stated, Kildrummie fell back on the proceedings of Presbytery, expressing much admiration for the guidance of Doctor Dowbiggin, and denouncing Saunderson as "fair dottle," in proof of which judgment Kildrummie adduced the fact that the Rabbi had allowed a very happily situated pig-sty to sink into ruin. Kildrummie, still in search of agreeable themes to pass the time, mentioned a pleasant tale he had gathered at the seed-shop.

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"Yir neebur upbye, the General's dochter, is cairryin' on an awfu' rig the noo at the Castle"—Kildrummie fell into dialect in private life, often with much richness—"an' the sough o' her ongaein's hes come the length o' Muirtown. The place is foo' o' men—tae say naethin' o' weemin; but it's little she hes tae dae wi' them or them wi' her—officers frae Edinburgh an' writin' men frae London, as weel as half a dozen coonty birkies."

"Well?" said Carmichael, despising himself for his curiosity.

"She hes a wy, there's nae doot o' that, an' gin the trimmie hesna turned the heads o' half the men in the Castle, till they say she hes the pick of twa lords, five honorables, and a poet. But the lassie kens what's what; it's Lord Hay she's settin' her cap for, an' as sure as ye're sittin' there, Drum, she 'ill hae him.

"Ma word"—and Kildrummie pursued his way—"it'll be a match, the dochter o' a puir Hielant laird, wi' naethin' but his half-pay and a few pounds frae a' fairm or twa. She's a clever ane: French songs, dancin', shootin', ridin', actin', there's nae deeviltry that's beyond her. They say upbye that she's been a bonnie handfu' tae her father—General though he be—an' a' peety her man."

"They say a lot of . . . lies, and I don't see what call a minister has to slander," and then Carmichael saw the folly of quarreling with a veteran gossip over a young woman that would have nothing to say to him. What two Free Kirk ministers or their people thought of her would never affect Miss Carnegie.

"Truth's nae slander," and Kildrummie watched Carmichael with relish; "a' thocht ye wud hae got a taste o' her in the Glen. Didna a' hear frae Piggie Walker that ye ca'd her Jezebel frae yir ain pulpit, an' that ma' lady whuppit oot o' the kirk in the middle o' the sermon?"

"I did nothing of the kind, and Walker is a . . ."

"Piggie's no very particular at a time," admitted Kildrummie; "maybe it's a mak-up, the story aboot Miss Carnegie an' yirsel'.

"Accordin' tae the wratch," for Carmichael would deign no reply, "she wes threatenin' tae mak a fule o' the Free Kirk minister o' Drumtochty juist for practice, but a' said, 'Na, na, Piggie, Maister Carmichael is ower quiet and sensible a lad. He kens as weel as onybody that a Carnegie wud never dae for a minister's wife. Gin ye said a Bailie's dochter frae Muirtown 'at hes some money comin' tae her and kens the principles o' the Free Kirk.'

"Noo, a' can speak frae experience, having been terrible fortunate wi' a' ma wives. . . . Ye'll come up tae tea; we killed a pig yesterday, an' . . . Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun hae his way," and Carmichael, as he made his way up the hill, felt that the hand of Providence was heavy upon him, and that any high-mindedness was being severely chastened.

Two days Carmichael tramped the moors, returning each evening wet, weary, hungry, to sleep ten hours without turning, and on the morning of the third day he came down in such heart that Sarah wondered whether he could have received a letter by special messenger; and he congratulated himself, as he walked round his garden, that he had overcome by sheer will-power the first real infatuation of his life. He was so lifted above all sentiment as to review his temporary folly from the bare, serene heights of common sense. Miss Carnegie was certainly not an heiress, and she was a young woman of very decided character, but her blood was better than the Hays', and she was . . . attractive—yes, attractive. Most likely she was engaged to Lord Hay, or, if he did not please her—she was . . . whimsical and . . . self-willed—there was Lord Invermay's son. Fancy Kate . . . Miss Carnegie in a Free Kirk manse—Kildrummie was a very . . . homely old man, but he touched the point there—receiving Dr. Dowbiggin with becoming ceremony and hearing him on the payment of probationers, or taking tea at Kildrummie manse—where he had, however, feasted royally many a time after the Presbytery, but . . . This daughter of a Jacobite house, and brought up amid the romance of war, settling down in the narrowest circle of Scottish life—as soon imagine an eagle domesticated among barn-door poultry. This image amused Carmichael so much that he could have laughed aloud, but . . . the village might have heard him. He only stretched himself like one awaking, and felt so strong that he resolved to drop in on Janet to see how it fared with the old woman and . . . to have Miss Carnegie's engagement confirmed. The Carnegies might return any day from the South, and it would be well that he should know how to meet them.

"You will be hearing that they hef come back to the Lodge yesterday morning, and it iss myself that will be glad to see Miss Kate again; and very pretty iss she looking, with beautiful dresses and bonnets, for I hef seen them all, maybe twelve or ten.

"Oh, yes, my dear, Donald will be talking about her marriage to Lord Kilspindie's son, who iss a very handsome young man and good at the shooting; and he will be blowing that they will live at the Lodge in great state, with many gillies and a piper.

"No, it iss not Janet Macpherson, my dear, that will be believing Donald Cameron, or any Cameron—although I am not saying that the Camerons are not men of their hands—for Donald will be always making great stories and telling me wonderful things. He wass a brave man in the battle, and iss very clever at the doctrine, too, and will be strong against human himes (hymns), but he iss a most awful liar, iss Donald Cameron, and you must not be believing a word that comes out of his mouth.

"She will be asking many questions in her room as soon as Donald had brought up her boxes and the door was shut. Some will be about the Glen, and some about the garden, and some will be about people—whether you ever will be visiting me, and whether you asked for her after the day she left the kirk. But I will say, 'No; Mister Carmichael does not speak about anything but the religion when he comes to my cottage.'

"That iss nothing. I will be saying more, that I am hearing that the minister is to be married to a fery rich young lady in Muirtown who hass been courting him for two years, and that her father will be giving the minister twenty thousand pounds the day they are married. And I will say that she is very beautiful, with blue eyes and gold hair, and that her temper is so sweet they are calling her the Angel of Muirtown.

"Toot, toot, my dear, you are not to be speaking about lies, for that is not a pretty word among friends, and you will not be meddling with me, for you will be better at the preaching and the singing than dealing with women. It iss not good to be making yourself too common, and Miss Kate will be thinking the more of you if you be holding your head high and letting her see that you are not a poor lowland body, but a Farquharson by your mother's side, and maybe of the chief's blood, though twenty or fifteen times removed.

"She will be very pleased to hear such good news of you, and be saying that it iss a mercy you are getting somebody to dress you properly. But her temper will not be at all good, and I did not ask her about Lord Hay, and she said nothing to me, nor about any other lord. It iss not often I hef seen as great a liar as Donald Cameron.

"Last evening Miss Kate will come down before dinner and talk about many things, and then she will say at the door, 'Donald tells me that Mister Carmichael does not believe in the Bible, and that his minister, Doctor Saunderson, has cast him off, and that he has been punished by his Bishop or somebody at Muirtown.'

"'Donald will be knowing more doctrine and telling more lies every month,' I said to her. 'Doctor Saunderson—who is a very fine preacher and can put the fear of God upon the people most wonderful—and our minister had a little feud, and they will fight it out before some chiefs at Muirtown like gentlemen, and now they are good friends again.'

"Miss Kate had gone off for a long walk, and I am not saying but she will be calling at Kilbogie Manse before she comes back. She is very fond of Doctor Saunderson, and maybe he will be telling her of the feud. It iss more than an hour through the woods to Kilbogie," concluded Janet, "but you will be having a glass of milk first."

Kate reviewed her reasons for the expedition to Kilbogie, and settled that they were the pleasures of a walk through Tochty woods when the spring flowers were in their glory, and a visit to one of the dearest curiosities she had ever seen. It was within the bounds of possibility that Doctor Saunderson might refer to his friend, but on her part she would certainly not refer to the Free Church minister of Drumtochty. Her reception by that conscientious professor Barbara could not be called encouraging.

"Ay, he's in, but ye canna see him, for he's in his bed, an' gin he disna mend faster than he wes daein' the last time a' gied him a cry, he's no like tae be in the pulpit on Sabbath. A' wes juist thinkin' he wudna be the waur o' a doctor."

"Do you mean to say that Doctor Saunderson is lying ill and no one nursing him?" and Kate eyed the housekeeper in a very unappreciative fashion.

"Gin he wants a nurse, she 'ill hae tae be brocht frae Muirtown Infirmary, for a've eneuch withoot ony fyke (delicate work) o' that kind. For twal year hev a' been hoosekeeper in this manse, an' gin it hedna been for peety a' wud hae flung up the place.

"Ye never cud tell when he wud come in, or when he wud gae oot, or what he wud be wantin' next. A' the waufies in the countryside come here, and the best in the hoose is no gude eneuch for them. He's been an awfu' handfu' tae me, an' noo a' coont him clean dottle (silly). But we maun juist bear oor burdens," concluded Barbara piously, and proposed to close the door.

"Your master will not want a nurse a minute longer; show me his room at once," and Kate was so commanding that Barbara's courage began to fail.

"Who may ye be," raising her voice to rally her heart, "'at wud take chairge o' a stranger in his ain hoose an' no sae muckle as ask leave?"

"I am Miss Carnegie, of Tochty Lodge; will you stand out of my way?" and Kate swept past Barbara and went upstairs.

"Weel, a' declare," as soon as she had recovered, "of a' the impident hizzies," but Barbara did not follow the intruder upstairs.

Kate had seen various curious hospitals in her day, and had nursed many sick men—like the brave girl she was—but the Rabbi's room was something quite new. His favorite books had been gathering there for years, and now lined two walls and overhung the bed after a very perilous fashion, and had dispossessed the looking-glass—which had become a nomad and was at present resting insecurely on John Owen—and stood in banks round the bed. During his few days of illness the Rabbi had accumulated so many volumes round him that he lay in a kind of tunnel, arched over, as it were, with literature. He had been reading Calvin's Commentary on the Psalms, in Latin, and it still lay open at the 88th, the saddest of all songs in the Psalter; but as he grew weaker the heavy folio had slid forward, and he seemed to be feeling for it. Although Kate spoke to him by name, he did not know any one was in the room. "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? . . . I suffer Thy terror, I am distracted . . . fierce wrath goeth over me . . . lover and friend hast Thou put far from me . . . friend far from me."

His head fell on his breast, his breath was short and rapid, and he coughed every few seconds.

"My friend far from me. . . ."

At the sorrow in his voice and the thing which he said the tears came to Kate's eyes, and she went forward and spoke to him very gently. "Do you know me, Doctor Saunderson—Miss Carnegie?"

"Not Saunderson . . . Magor Missabib."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—so much she knew; and now Kate stroked the bent white head. "Your friend, Mister Carmichael. . . ."

"Yes, yes"—he now looked up and spoke eagerly—"John Carmichael, of Drumtochty . . . my friend in my old age . . . and others . . . my boys . . . but John has left me . . . he would not speak to me . . . I am alone now . . . he did not understand . . . mine acquaintance into darkness . . . here we see in a glass darkly . . . (he turned aside to expound the Greek word for darkly), but some day . . . face to face." And twice he said it, with an indescribable sweetness, "face to face."

Kate hurriedly removed the books from the bed, and wrapped round his shoulders the old gray plaid that had eked out his covering at night, and then she went downstairs.

"Bring," she said to Barbara, "hot water, soap, towels, and a sponge to Doctor Saunderson's bedroom immediately."

"And gin a' dinna?" inquired Barbara, aggressively.

"I'll shoot you where you stand."

Barbara shows to her cronies how Miss Carnegie drew a pistol from her pocket at this point and held it to her head, and how at every turn the pistol was again in evidence; sometimes a dagger is thrown in, but that is only late in the evening, when Barbara is under the influence of tonics. Kate herself admits that if she had had her little revolver with her she might have been tempted to outline the housekeeper's face on the wall, and she still thinks her threat an inspiration.

"Now," said Kate, when Barbara had brought her commands in with incredible celerity, "bring up some fresh milk and three glasses of whisky."

"Whisky!" Barbara could hardly compass the unfamiliar word. "The Doctor never hed sic a thing in the hoose, although mony a time, puir man . . ." Discipline was softening even that austere spirit.

"No, but you have, for you are blowing a full gale just now; bring up your private bottle, or I'll go down for it.

"There's enough," holding the bottle to the light, "to do till evening; go to the next farm and send a man on horseback to tell Mr. Carmichael, of Drumtochty, that Doctor Saunderson is dying, and another for Doctor Manley, of Muirtown."

Very tenderly did Kate sponge the Rabbi's face and hands, and then she dressed his hair, till at length he came to himself.

"This ministry is . . . grateful to me, Barbara . . . my strength has gone from me . . . but my eyes fail me. . . . Of a verity you are not . . ."

"I am Kate Carnegie, whom you were so kind to at Tochty. Will you let me be your nurse? I learned in India, and know what to do." It was only wounded soldiers who knew how soft her voice could be, and hands.

"It is I that . . . should be serving you . . . the first time you have come to the manse . . . no woman has ever done me . . . such kindness before. . . ." He followed her as she tried to bring some order out of chaos, and knew not that he spoke aloud. "A gracious maid . . . above rubies."

His breathing was growing worse, in spite of many wise things she did for him—Doctor Manley, who paid no compliments, but was a strength unto every country doctor in Perthshire, praises Kate unto this day—and the Rabbi did not care to speak. So she sat down by his side and read to him from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—holding his hand all the time—and the passage he desired was the story of Mr. Fearing.

"'This I took very great notice of, that the valley of the shadow of Death was as quiet while he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose these enemies here had now a special check from our Lord and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it. . . . Here also I took notice of what was very remarkable: the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate . . .'"

The Rabbi listened for an instant.

"It is John's step . . . he hath a sound of his own . . . my only earthly desire is fulfilled."

"Rabbi," cried Carmichael, and, half kneeling, he threw one arm round the old man, "say that you forgive me. I looked for you everywhere on Monday, but you could not be found."

"Did you think, John, that I . . . my will was to do you an injury or . . . vex your soul? Many trials in my life . . . all God's will . . . but this hardest . . . when I lost you . . . nothing left here . . . but you . . . —my breath is bad, a little chill— . . . understand . . ."

"I always did, and I never respected you more; it was my foolish pride that made me call you Doctor Saunderson in the study; but my love was the same, and now you will let me stay and wait on you."

The old man smiled sadly, and laid his hand on his boy's head.

"I cannot let you . . . go, John, my son."

"Go and leave you, Rabbi!" Carmichael tried to laugh. "Not till you are ready to appear at the Presbytery again. We 'ill send Barbara away for a holiday, and Sarah will take her place—you remember that cream—and we shall have a royal time, a meal every four hours, Rabbi, and the Fathers in between," and Carmichael, springing to his feet and turning round to hide his tears, came face to face with Miss Carnegie, who had been unable to escape from the room.

"I happened to call"—Kate was quite calm—"and found Doctor Saunderson in bed; so I stayed till some friend should come; you must have met the messenger I sent for you."

"Yes, a mile from the manse; I was on my way . . . Janet said . . . but I . . . did not remember anything when I saw the Rabbi."

"Will you take a little milk again, . . . Rabbi?" and at her bidding and the name he made a brave effort to swallow, but he was plainly sinking.

"No more," he whispered; "thank you . . . for service . . . to a lonely man; may God bless you . . . both. . . . He signed for her hand, which he kept to the end.

"Satisfied . . . read, John . . . the woman from coasts of—of—"

"I know, Rabbi," and, kneeling on the other side of the bed, he read the story slowly of a Tyrian woman's faith.

"It is not meet to take the children's meat and to cast it to dogs."

"Dogs"—they heard the Rabbi appropriate his name—"outside . . . the covenant."

"And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

"Lord, I believe . . . help mine . . . unbelief."

He then fell into an agony of soul, during which Carmichael could hear, "Though . . . He slay . . . me . . . yet will I trust . . . trust . . . in Him." He drew two or three long breaths and was still. After a little he was heard again with a new note—"Not put to confusion . . . nor break the bruised reed." Then he opened his eyes and raised his head, and said in a clear voice, full of joy, "My Lord, and my God."

It was Kate that closed his eyes and laid the old scholar's head on the pillow, and then she left the room, casting one swift glance of pity at Carmichael, who was weeping bitterly and crying between the sobs, "Rabbi, Rabbi!"

CHAPTER XXII.—WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

Doctor Davidson allowed himself, in later years, the pleasant luxury of an after-luncheon nap, and then it was his habit—weather permitting—to go out and meet Posty, who adhered so closely to his time-table—notwithstanding certain wayside rests—that the Doctor's dog knew his hour of arrival, and saw that his master was on the road in time. It was a fine April morning when the news of the great disaster came, and the Doctor felt the stirring of spring in his blood. On the first hint from Skye he sprang from his chair, declaring it was a sin to be in the house on such a day, and went out in such haste that he had to return for his hat. As he went up the walk, the Doctor plucked some early lilies and placed them in his coat; he threw so many stones that Skye forgot his habit of body and ecclesiastical position; and he was altogether so youthful and frolicsome that John was seriously alarmed, and afterward remarked to Rebecca that he was not unprepared for calamity.

"The best o's tempts Providence at a time, and when a man like the Doctor tries tae rin aifter his dog, jidgment canna be far off. A'm no sayin'," John concluded, with characteristic modesty, "that onybody cud tell what was coming, but a' jaloused there wud be tribble."

The Doctor met Posty in the avenue, the finest bit on our main road, where the road has wide margins of grass on either side, and the two rows of tall, ancient trees arch their branches overhead. Some day in the past it had been part of the approach to the house of Tochty, and under this long green arch the Jacobite cavaliers rode away after black John Carnegie's burial. No one could stand beneath those stately trees without thinking of the former days, when men fought, not for money and an easy life, but for loyalty and love; and in this place the minister of Drumtochty received his evil tidings like a brave gentleman who does not lose heart while honor is left. During his years in the Glen he had carried himself well, with dignity and charity, in peace and kindliness, so that now, when he is dead and gone—the last of his family—he still remains to many of us a type of the country clergyman that is no longer found in Scotland, but is greatly missed. It seemed, however, to many of us—I have heard both Drumsheugh and Burnbrae say this, each in his own way—that it needed adversity to bring out the greatness of the Doctor, just as frost gives the last touch of ripeness to certain fruits.

"Fower letters the day, Doctor—ane frae Dunleith, ane frae Glaisgie, another frae Edinburgh, and the fourth no clean stampit, so a' can say naethin' aboot it. Twa circulars an' the 'Caledonian' maks up the ha'e hypothic" (complete stock).

Posty buckled and adjusted his bag, and made as though he was going, but he loitered to give opportunity for any questions the Doctor might wish to ask on foreign affairs. For Posty was not merely the carrier of letters to the Glen, but a scout who was sent down to collect information regarding the affairs of the outer world. He was an introduction and running commentary on the weekly paper. By and by, when the labor of the day was done, and the Glen was full of sweet, soft light from the sides of Ben Urtach, a farmer would make for his favorite seat beside the white rose-tree in the garden, and take his first dip into the Muirtown "Advertiser." It was a full and satisfying paper, with its agricultural advertisements, its roups, reported with an accuracy of detail that condescended on a solitary stirk, its local intelligence, its facetious anecdotes. Through this familiar country the goodman found his own way at a rate which allowed him to complete the survey in six days. Foreign telegrams, however, and political intelligence, as well as the turmoil of the great cities, were strange to him, and here he greatly valued Posty's laconic hints, who, visiting the frontier, was supposed to be in communication with those centers. "Posty says that the Afghans are no makin' muckle o' the war," and Hillocks would sally forth to enjoy Sir Frederick Roberts's great march, line by line, afterward enlarging thereon with much unction, and laying up a store of allusion that would last for many days.

Persons raised to the height of a daily newspaper, like the minister, might be supposed independent of Posty's *précis*, but even Doctor Davidson, with that day's "Caledonian" in his hand, still availed himself of the spoken word.

"Well, Posty, any news this morning?"

"Naethin', Doctor, worth mentionin', except the failure o' a company, Glaisgie wy; it's been rotten, a' wes hearin', for a while, an' noo it's a fair stramash. They say it 'ill no be lichtsome for weedows an' mony decent fouk in Scotland."

"That's bad news, Posty. There's too many of those swindling concerns in the country. People ought to take care where they place their savings, and keep to old-established institutions. We're pretty hard-headed up here, and I'll wager that nobody in the Glen has lost a penny in any of those new-fangled companies."

"The auld fouk in Drumtochty pit their siller in a pock an' hode it ablow their beds, an', ma certes, that bank didna break;" and Posty went along the avenue, his very back suggestive of a past, cautious, unenterprising, safe, and honest.

The Doctor glanced at the envelopes and thrust the letters into his pocket. His good nature was touched at the thought of another financial disaster, by which many hard-working people would lose their little savings, and all the more that he had some of his private means invested in a Glasgow bank—one of those tried and powerful institutions which was indifferent to every crisis in trade. Already he anticipated an appeal, and considered what he would give, for it did not matter whether it was a coal-pit explosion in Lanarkshire or a loss of fishing-boats in the Moray Firth, if widows needed help the Doctor's guinea was on its way within four-and-twenty hours. Some forms of religious philanthropy had very little hold on the Doctor's sympathy—one of the religious prints mentioned him freely as a Unitarian, because he had spoken unkindly of the Jewish mission—but in the matter of widows and orphans he was a specialist.

"Widows, Posty said; poor things! and very likely bairns. Well, well, we 'ill see what can be done out of Daisy's fund."

Very unlikely people have their whims, and it was his humor to assign one-fourth of his income to his little sister, who was to have kept house for him, and "never to leave you, Sandie," and out of this fund the Doctor did his public charities. "In memory of a little maid" appeared in various subscription lists; but the reference thereof was only known after the Doctor's death.

"The Western Counties Bank did not open its doors yesterday, and it was officially announced at the head office, Glasgow, that the bank had stopped. It is impossible as yet to forecast the debts, but they are known to be enormous, and as the bank is not limited, it is feared that the consequences to the shareholders will be very serious. This failure was quite unexpected, the Western Counties Bank having been looked on as a prosperous and stable concern."

He read the paragraph twice, word by word—it did not take long—he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and he stood in the spot for five minutes to take in the meaning in its length and breadth. A pleasant spring sun was shining upon him through a break in the leafy arch, a handful of primroses were blooming at his feet, a lark was singing in the neighboring field. Sometimes the Doctor used to speculate how he would have liked being a poor man, and he concluded that he would have disliked it very much. He had never been rich, and he was not given to extravagance, but he was accustomed to easy circumstances, and he pitied some of his old friends who had seen it their duty to secede at the Disruption, and had to practice many little economies, who traveled third class and had to walk from the station, and could not offer their friends a glass of wine. This was the way he must live now, and Daisy's fund would have to be closed, which seemed to him now the sweetest pleasure of his life.

"And Jack! Would to God I had never mentioned this wretched bank to him! Poor Jack, with the few hundreds he had saved for Kit!"

For some five minutes more the Doctor stood in the place; then he straightened himself as one who, come what may, would play the man, and when he passed Janet's cottage, on his way to the Lodge, that honest admirer of able-bodied, good-looking men came out and followed him with her eyes for the sight of his firm, unbroken carriage.

"Miss Kate will be grieving very much about Doctor Saunderson's death," Donald explained at the Lodge, "and she went down this forenoon with the General to put flowers on his grave; but they will be coming back every minute," and the Doctor met them at the Beeches.

"May I have as fair hands to decorate my grave, Miss Catherine Carnegie," and the Doctor bowed gallantly; "but of one thing I am sure, I have done nothing to deserve it. Saunderson was a scholar of the ancient kind, and a very fine spirit."

"Don't you think," said Kate, "that he was . . . like A'Kempis, I mean, and George Herbert, a kind of . . saint?"

"Altogether one, I should say. I don't think he would have known port wine from sherry, or an *entrée* from a mutton chop; beside a man like that, what worldly fellows you and I are, Jack, and mine is the greater shame."

"I'll have no comparisons, Padre"—Kate was a little puzzled by the tone in the Doctor's voice; "he was so good that I loved him; but there are some points in the General and you, quite nice points, and for the sake of them you shall have afternoon tea in my room," where the Doctor and the General fell on former days and were wonderful company.

"It's not really about the road I wish to talk to you," and the Doctor closed the door of the General's den, "but about . . . a terrible calamity that has befallen you and me, Jack, and I am to blame."

"What is it?" and Carnegie sat erect; "does it touch our name or . . . Kate?"

"Neither, thank God," said Davidson.

"Then it cannot be so very bad. Let us have it at once," and the General lighted a cheroot.

"Our bank has failed, and we shall have to give up everything to pay the debt, and . . . Jack, it was I advised you to buy the shares." The Doctor rose and went to the window."

"For God's sake don't do that, Sandie. Why, man, you gave me the best advice you knew, and there's an end of it. It's the fortune of war, and we must take it without whining. I know whom you are thinking about, and I am . . . a bit sorry for Kate, for she ought to have lots of things—more dresses and trinkets, you know. But, Davidson, she 'ill be the bravest of the three."

"You are right there, Jack. Kate is of the true grit, but . . . Tochty Lodge."

"Yes, it will hit us pretty hard to see the old place sold, if it comes to that, when I hoped to end my days here . . . but, man, it's our fate. Bit by bit we've lost Drumtochty, till there was just the woods and the two farms left, and soon we 'ill be out of the place—nothing left but our graves.

"Sandie, this is bad form, and . . . you 'ill not hear this talk again; we 'ill get a billet somewhere, and wherever it be, the'ill be a bed and a crust for you, old man;" and at the door the two held one another's hands for a second; that was all.

"So this was what you two conspirators were talking about downstairs, as if I could not be trusted. Did you think that I would faint, or perhaps weep? The Padre deserves a good scolding, and as for you—" Then Kate went over and cast an arm round her father's neck, whose face was quivering.

"It is rather a disappointment to leave the Lodge when we were getting it to our mind; but we 'ill have a jolly little home somewhere; and I'll get a chance of earning something. Dancing, now—I think that I might be able to teach some girls how to waltz. Then my French is really intelligible, and most colloquial; besides revolver-shooting. Dad, we are on our way to a fortune, and at the worst you 'ill have your curry and cheroots, and I'll have a well-fitting dress. Voila, mon père!"

When the two Drumtochty men arrived next forenoon at the hall in Glasgow, where the shareholders had been summoned to receive particulars of their ruin, the dreary place was filled with a crowd representative of every class in the community except the highest, whose wealth is in land, and the lowest, whose possessions are on their backs. There were city merchants, who could not conceal their chagrin that they had been befooled; countrymen, who seemed utterly dazed, as if the course of the seasons had been reversed; prosperous tradesmen, who were aggressive in appearance and wanted to take it out of somebody; widows, who could hardly restrain their tears, seeing before them nothing but starvation; clergymen, who were thinking of their boys taken from school and college. For a while the victims were silent, and watched with hungry eyes the platform door, and there was an eager rustle when some clerk came out and laid a bundle of papers on the table. This incident seemed to excite the meeting and set tongues loose. People began to talk to their neighbors, explaining how they came to be connected with the bank, as if this were now a crime. One had inherited the shares and had never had resolution to sell them; another had been deceived by a friend and bought them; a third had taken over two shares for a bad debt. A minister thought that he must have been summoned by mistake, for he was simply a trustee on an estate which had shares, but he was plainly nervous about his position. An Ayrshire Bailie had only had his shares for six months, and he put it, with municipal eloquence, to his circle whether he could be held responsible for frauds of years' standing. No one argued with him, and indeed you might say anything you pleased, for each was so much taken up with his own case that he only listened to you that he might establish a claim in turn on your attention. Here and there a noisy and confident personage got a larger audience by professing to have private information. A second-rate stock-broker assured quite a congregation that the assets of the bank included an estate in Australia which would more than pay the whole debt, and advised them to see that it was not flung away; and a Government pensioner mentioned casually in his neighborhood, on the authority of one of the managers, that there was not that day a solvent bank in Scotland. The different conversations rise to a babel, various speakers enforce their views on the floor with umbrellas, one enthusiast exhorts his brother unfortunates from a chair, when suddenly there is a hush, and then in a painful silence the shareholders hang on the lips of the accountant, from whom they learn that things could not be worse, that the richest shareholder may be ruined, and ordinary people will lose their last penny.

Speech again breaks forth, but now it is despairing, fierce, vindictive. One speaker storms against Government which allows public institutions to defraud the public, and refers to himself as the widow and orphan, and another assails the directorate with bitter invective as liars and thieves, and insists on knowing whether they are to be punished. The game having now been unearthed, the pack follow in full cry. The tradesman tells with much gusto how one director asked the detectives for leave to have family prayers before he was removed, and then declares his conviction that when a man takes to praying you had better look after your watch. Ayrshire wished to inform the accountant and the authorities that the directors had conveyed to their wives and friends enormous sums which ought to be seized without delay. The air grew thick with upbraidings, complaints, cries for vengeance, till the place reeked with sordid passions. Through all this ignoble storm the Drumtochty men sat silent, amazed, disgusted, till at last the Doctor rose, and such authority was in his very appearance that with his first words he obtained a hearing.

"Mr. Accountant," he said, "and gentlemen, it appears to me as if, under a natural provocation and suffering, we are in danger of forgetting our due dignity and self-respect. We have been, as is supposed, the subjects of fraud on the part of those whom we trusted; that is a matter which the law will decide, and, if necessary, punish. If we have been betrayed, then the directors are in worse case than the shareholders, for we are not disgraced. The duty before us is plain, and must be discharged to our utmost ability. It is to go home and gather together the last penny for the payment of our debts, in order that, at any rate, those who have trusted us may not be disappointed. Gentlemen, it is evident that we have lost our means; let us show to Scotland that there is something which cannot be taken from us by any fraud, and that we have retained our courage and our honor."

It was the General who led the applause so that the roof of the hall rang; but it is just unto Ayrshire and the rest to say that they came unto themselves—all men of the old Scots breed—and followed close after with a mighty shout.

The sound of that speech went through Scotland and awoke the spirit of honest men in many places, so that the Doctor, traveling to Muirtown, third class, with the General, and wedged in among a set of cattle-dealers, was so abashed by their remarks as they read the "Caledonian" that the General let out the secret.

"Yir hand, sir," said the chief among them, a mighty man at the Falkirk Tryst; "gin it bena a leeberty, ilka ane o's hes a sair fecht tae keep straicht in oor wy o' business, but ye've gien's a lift the day," and so they must needs all have a grip of the Doctor's hand, who took snuff with prodigality, while the General complained of the smoke from the engine.

Nor were their trials over, for on Muirtown platform—it being Friday—all kinds of Perthshire men were gathered, and were so proud of our Doctor that before he got shelter in the Dunleith train his hand was sore, and the men that grasped it were of all kinds, from Lord Kilspindie—who, having missed him at the manse, had come to catch him at the station—"Best sermon you ever preached, Davidson"—to an Athole farmer—"I am an elder in the Free Kirk, but it iss this man that will be honoring you."

It was a fine instance of the unfailing tact of Peter Bruce that, seeing the carriage out of which the two came, and taking in the situation, he made no offer of the first class, but straightway dusted out a third with his handkerchief, and escorted them to it, cap in hand. Drumtochty restrained itself with an effort in foreign parts—for Kildrummie was exceptionally strong at the Junction—but it waited at the terminus till the outer world had gone up the road. Then their own folk took the two in hand, and these were the body-guard that escorted the Minister and the General to where our Kate was waiting with the dog-cart, each carrying some morsel of luggage—Drumsheugh, Burnbrae, Hillocks, Netherton, Jamie Soutar, and Archie Moncur. Kate drove gloriously through Kildrummie as if it had been a triumph; and let it be said to its credit that, the news having come, every hat was lifted; but that which lasted till they got home, and long afterward, was the handshake of the Drumtochty men.

[To be continued in the November Magazine Number of The Outlook]

William Morris

By Joel Benton

Out of England's dwindling choir
  A bard of pure Virgilian touch
Has fallen. His was no harp of fire,
  But tender, dreamy. It was such
As one who, fond of languorous tunes,
Could wish for summer afternoons,
Or hear with pleasure all the day,
Till Summer's self should fade away.

He gave us light from land and sea,
Rare tales of old mythologie;
And, if with sorrows sad enough,
Full of the marvelous lore of love.

No more fair dreams of Paradise
From his rapt lyre for us shall rise;
Ended is all that lulling verse
Which Jason's quest could so rehearse,
And which from Odin's polar sky
Drew wonders so idyllicly.

With lotus and nepenthe filled,
He had the artful power to gild
And touch with charm each tale he told,
And make its sorcery manifold.

But now Death comes, and, ruthless, steals away
"The idle singer of an empty day."

◆

The historian must be a poet; not to find, but to find again; not to breathe life into beings, into imaginary deeds, but in order to reanimate and revive that which has been; to represent what time and space have placed at a distance from us.—*Joseph Roux.*

Books and Authors

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending October 16. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Pre-eminent among the novels of the week is Henryk Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis*. In this the great Polish writer enters a third field of fiction; he has achieved fame in the novel of Polish historical romance and in that of psychological analysis, and now he attempts to reconstruct for us the life of Rome in the early days of Christianity. The time chosen is the reign of Nero, and St. Paul and St. Peter are among the characters. The author works on a large canvas, with many figures and a close attention to detail. One misses the humor and vivacity of "With Fire and Sword" and its sequels, but there is in their place a calm strength and a distinct purpose. The book is deserving of a careful and thoughtful reading. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)——Maurice H. Hervey's *Amyas Egerton, Cavalier*, is a manly and spirited story of the end of the war between Charles I. and his rebellious subjects. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——*Captain Shannon*, by Coulson Kernahan, is a clever detective story growing out of a dynamite outrage. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——*Nell Haffenden*, by Tighe Hopkins (same publishers), is a singular mixture of weakness and excellence; the spirit and intent of the author are admirable, and the characters are fairly interesting, but their talk is too often trivial and tiresomely drawn out, and there is too much forced liveliness. A good deal of compression would improve the story. An "American boarding-house" in London introduces us to certain strange creatures labeled Americans, who talk the extraordinary dialect used by Americans only on the English stage and in English novels; a lesson in Yankee dialect from Miss Wilkins would be of use to the author.——*The End of the Beginning*, by an anonymous writer, appeals to a thoughtful rather than a popular audience. Its recurrent question, "What is love?" is answered by the title and by the cover-motto, "Life is love, and love is eternity." The chief character is a New England girl of peculiar refinement of spirit, but with an underlying romantic vein. The philosophy is optimistic, and there is a distinctly original flavor in the style. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)——*Tales of Our Coast* comprises five exceedingly good English short stories of coast and sea life; their excellence is assured in advance by the authors' names—S. R. Crockett, Gilbert Parker, W. Clark Russell, "Q" (Mr. Quiller-Couch), and Harold Frederic; and the opinion thus formed is amply confirmed by a reading of the stories; that by "Q" is particularly fine. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——*Redburn*, by Henry Ochiltree (same publishers), introduces a new exponent of Scotch rural life, and a new practitioner in "Doric" dialect. The author is worthy to join the band of popular writers now having such wide and well-deserved vogue. He has an admirable knack at character-observation, and if the imagination and humor are less strong than with Mr. Barrie and Mr. Watson, the realism is sound and true.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's *The Gray Man* is a semi-historical story of Scotch feuds in the reign of James VI. of Scotland (James I. of England). Launcelot Kennedy, the young squire, who is the hero, is a manly and brave fellow, and his fighting and love-making are both picturesque. The faction quarrels are a little confused to the average reader's mind. The incident of Sawney Bean's cannibals and their cave, though founded on fact, is too horrible for the uses of fiction, and is not well treated at that. While Mr. Crockett has won a good measure of success in books like this and "The Man of the Moss Hags," he has not, it seems to us, struck in them the note of individual strength and originality found in "The Stickit Minister," and even in "The Lilac Sunbonnet." (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Green Mountain Boys, by Eliza F. Pollard, is a patriotic and spirited tale of the Revolution, in which the lines of history are closely followed. It has a love story also. It can be cordially commended for young people's reading (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York); as can also a pleasant story about a jolly and lively group of young people, called *We Ten*, from the same publishers. Barbara Yechton is the author.——Mr. William Drysdale has found a new subject for a boy's book in *The Fast Mail*. It is really the life of a train-boy, and includes an interesting study of the details of railway work. Boys will like it. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)——Henry Kingsley, as a novelist, deserved greater fame than he obtained in his lifetime. Of late his merits have been more widely recognized. *The Mystery of the Island* was intended as a boy's book, and while it is not to be compared with "Ravenshoe" or "Geoffry Hamlyn," it is a readable story of "bush and pampas, wreck and treasure trove." (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)——Mr. J. P. Webster's *Oracle of Baal* is the offspring of a riotous imagination, and has little literary merit. (Same publishers.)——*Shod with Silence*, by Edward S. Ellis, is the first of a series of boys' stories which will deal with frontier life, under the general title "The Boone and Kenton" series. Simon Kenton is the hero of this book. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)——Two excellent stories of outdoor life for boy readers are Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's *The Boy Tramps*, and Professor C. G. D. Roberts's *Around the Camp-Fire*. Both have their scenes laid in Canada, and the heroes of both have thrilling adventures in abundance. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)——From the same publishers comes a new edition of that justly popular girls' story, *Half a Dozen Girls*, by Anna Chapin Ray.

Lovers of "the gentle sport" have very generally been interested in the series of articles on *Angling* which have appeared in "Scribner's Magazine." These are now combined and printed in book form. Among the writers are Leroy M. Yale, A. Foster Higgins, Robert Grant, and C. F. Holder. The book belongs to the excellent "Out-of-Door Library." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The football season makes timely *A Primer of College Football*, by W. H. Lewis, a member of a former Harvard University team. It is clearly expressed, and illustrated by instantaneous photographs. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Crowning of Candace is a thoroughly cheerful, sensible, and pleasantly written story for girls, by Katherine Pearson Woods. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The Mistress of Sherburne, by Amanda M. Douglas (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a tale of ordinary domestic life—the interests, trials, sacrifices, and happinesses of pleasant, every-day folk.——*Bushy*, by Cynthia M. Westover (The Morse Company, New York), is a story of the adventures of a child in the Rocky Mountains. There are plenty of hairbreadth escapes and opportunities for bringing out the girl's plucky nature.——In *Dwell Deep, or Hilda Thorn's Life Story*, by the author of "Probable Sons," we follow the experiences of a deeply religious girl who succeeds in standing aside from the frivolities of life and in the end leads a few friends into her own way of thought. The style is immature. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)——The hero in *The Majesty of Man* certainly does not live up to this title in his early career. Ambition, selfishness, and love collide, and it takes ten years of experience to discover that duties do not conflict and to suggest a return to a devoted and a neglected wife. The lesson that "the majesty of man comes out in the love of 'im" is unfolded in several characters and from different standpoints. The book is by "Alien," and is beautifully published by Messrs. Dodd Mead & Co., New York.——*Nephelé*, by Francis W. Bourdillon, is a plea for "telepathic consciousness." Probability and possibility are each swallowed up in the supernatural. The author follows his victims relentlessly through the mystic communion of their kindred souls—to brain fever. Nephelé is the betrothed of the hero's best friend, but in mysterious music-language the two musicians confess their mutual love and then Nephelé dies, while the hero and the affianced husband are left lamenting. (The New Amsterdam Publishing Company, New York.)——An Egyptologist, with a resurrected mummy for his bride and an avenging Fate in the spirit of the bride's rejected suitor of centuries ago, make up the rather unusual *dramatis personæ* of *Iras*. An overwrought brain, a clairvoyant, and an ancient inscription help to solve the riddle, and one follows with interest the fortunes of the mummy-princess. The author of the story is Theodore Douglas, and the volume is attractively published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Midnight in a Great City, by the Rev. Cortland Myers (Merrill & Baker, New York), is the title of a volume recounting the woes, vices, and miseries of the metropolis. The style is feverish and hysterical. ——*Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York, 1816 to 1860*, by Charles H. Haswell (Harper & Brothers, New York), is an interesting volume by the well-known author of the "Mechanic's and Engineer's Pocket Book of Tables." Mr. Haswell tells us that he does not propose to furnish a history of the city during the period designated, as there are several histories in existence which in detail and extent are in advance of any essay that either his recollection or information would attain. He succeeds well, however, in giving his recollection of certain matters which have come under his own observation, and of certain individuals who are prominently before the public. Perhaps the most interesting descriptions in his book are those of the old theaters and of the Macready-Forrest riots.——To the already astonishing number of year-books has now been added *The Northfield Year-Book* (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), selected and arranged by Delevan L. Pierson, and illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. The combination of selected passages in the text is better than the combination of illustrations.——The new edition of *A Primer of American Literature*, by Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), contains an appendix giving portraits of eight American authors, with illustrations of their homes. This appendix is not remarkable, but the book is. It offers to the busy man exactly the condensed text for which he craves, and it is a good book to be in any one's hands.

Messrs. Marquand and Frothingham, Professors of Archæology and the History of Art in Princeton University, have issued a small *History of Sculpture* which finds fit place in the "College Histories of Art." (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) A concise survey of the history of sculpture is something needed everywhere. We note with pleasure the rapid description of prehistoric sculpture in this volume, and we heartily agree with the reason given for such brevity, namely, that the connection of prehistoric sculpture with the flow of civilization is at the present too remote and too ill defined. This reason is to a certain extent true of the history of Saracenic, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese sculpture, and hence we are glad to see that the authors of this volume pass over as quickly as possible those periods which do not directly affect our own time. We can go to the work of Perrot and Chipiez and others for illustration on various periods of sculpture; what we have to do now is, in the first place, to get a correct and concise survey of the whole history before attending to any one period—and it is safe to say that such a correct and concise survey is had by few persons, even those who are supposed to know much about art; then to judge correctly of what makes the art life of to-day as represented in sculpture. A good feature of this book—and one which should be imitated—is the list indicating where casts and photographs may best be obtained. Of course such a volume is amply indexed.

Old Houses of the Antient Town of Norwich, 1660 to 1800, by Miss Mary E. Perkins, is a large and sumptuously published volume. The text is entertaining, and is supplemented by many maps, illustrations, and genealogical tables. We learn that this book is one of a projected series of volumes which will aim to give an account of the old houses of Norwich, their owners and occupants, from the settlement of the town to the year 1800. Of course the volume will appeal to those who have lived in Norwich, or whose ancestors lived there, or who know the town in any way; but even to him who does not, but who loves New England, there is in the old-time portraits from miniatures, silhouettes, daguerreotypes, and paintings, and in the reproduction of lovely old houses, such a charm that, after having fingered the book once, one is moved to go back to the beginning and look it all over again. Copies of the book may be obtained by addressing the author at No. 148 Pequot Avenue, New London, Conn.

M. François Coppée's *On Rend l'Argent* has been adapted to the class-room, and edited, with introduction and notes, by Thomas Bertrand Bronson, Master in the Lawrenceville School. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) Nothing could be more happy than the book's dress, and the notes are both ample and helpful.

The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, Jr., has gathered a series of Lent papers into a small volume, and has published them through Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. The great merit of these short sermons is in their exceeding simplicity, and in that respect this is a commendable devotional book. The volume's title is *The Christian Life*.

An attractive holiday book will be the translation into English of M. André Theuriet's *Rustic Life in France*, illustrated by M. Léon Lhermitte. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.) We reserve fuller notice until later.

Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, has put forth a notable book, *Faith and Social Service* (Thomas Whittaker, New York), it being a collection of eight lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. There is no one at the present day uninterested in the new social service, which, abreast of the "new theology," is demanded of all Christians. In Dean Hodges's lectures the economic questions raised are just those that have been most puzzling to most men, and, therefore, the book has a direct and practical value beyond the value of many books published at the present time. The Dean not only states the problem; he also goes far in solving it. We cannot too cordially commend his book. Perhaps the best means of introducing it will be to mention the titles of the chapters—they are in themselves suggestive: "The New Forces," "Indifference," "Doubt," "Poverty," "Labor," "Moral Reform," "The City," "The Divided Church." While there is something of the preacher in this book, there is a good deal more of the publicist. The volume has also an everyday-like, journalistic character which will insure its wide popularity.

Dr. W. G. Horder's *Quaker Worthies*, published by the Headley Brothers, London, contains a series of sketches of eminent Quakers, both English and American, from the hand of the eminent Congregational preacher of London.——*A Manual for China Painters* is described in its sub-title as "a practical and comprehensive treatise on the art of painting china and glass with mineral colors." The author does not claim to present anything new, but bases her book on the results of many years of observation and experience, and writes especially for those who are at the beginning of this difficult but fascinating minor art. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)——Mr. Norman D. Gray, following in the footsteps of Mr. Bellamy, and with the same respect for charades as an intellectual diversion not to be too lightly tested or too swiftly finished, has prepared a little volume of *'96 Charades* well calculated to test the knowledge and ingenuity of its readers to the utmost. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.)

Probably no illustrated book of the season will awaken a warmer personal interest than that which contains selections from the writings of John Burroughs under the title *A Year in the Fields*, with a series of delightful photographic illustrations in perfect harmony with the text, and presenting Mr. Burroughs in the various aspects of his life. The selections were made and photographs taken by Mr. Clifton Johnson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The publication of a long poem or of a volume of short poems from the hand of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is an event of the first interest and importance in current literary history. His latest venture into the field of verse, *Judith and Holofernes*, is dressed with the taste and dignity which the theme and the quality of Mr. Aldrich's work alike demand. Mr. Aldrich has used the old story for dramatic purposes, and has taken such liberties with the text as those purposes seemed to require. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The third and final volume of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith's "Republic of Childhood" contains an exposition and description of *Kindergarten Principles and Practice*. The three volumes taken together probably represent as much freshness of thought and of feeling as any recent contributions to educational literature, and they are of interest not only to kindergartners, but to all who are concerned with the training and development of children. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

In *Modern Political Orations* the editor, Mr. Leopold Wagner, has collected what he regards as the most notable examples of political oratory during the Victorian age. Lord Brougham, John Bright, Earl Russell, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morley, and Richard Cobden are among those from whose orations selections have been made. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)——The compact little volume by Lieutenant A. S. Rowan and Professor M. M. Ramsey on *The Island of Cuba* comes at a time when information touching that much-disturbed province of Spain is greatly needed. The volume treats the subject under three heads. First, it gives a descriptive account of the geographical and climatic features; next it fills in the historical background; and in the third part it discusses the political and commercial aspects. Several maps are introduced. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Lovers of folk stories—and in these days they are a multitude—will be interested in the volume of *Fairy Tales of the Slav Peasants and Herdsmen*, translated from the French of Alexander Chodsko, and illustrated by Emily J. Harding. Many of these tales are now brought under the eye of English readers for the first time. The illustrations show considerable imagination, and the stories are full of it. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——Probably very few readers who glance at the title of Katherine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid's book, *In the Volcanic Eifel*, will know the country so pleasantly described by these experienced travelers and writers. That country lies between the valley of the River Rohr and the valley of the Moselle, and in this volume its volcanic remains, its crater lakes, its sparkling rivers, and its picturesque little inns are very familiarly and unconventionally described, with numerous illustrations. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——The Rev. H. R. Haweis has filled two prettily made volumes with very familiar talk about his travels on this continent and in the Pacific islands, under the general title *Travel and Talk*. American readers will be especially interested in his comments on prominent men and women whom he met in this country, his impressions of American cities, traveling facilities, streets, architecture, and manners. His style is distinctly offhand. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Probably very few books of the year will have a more intimate interest than Mary Cowden-Clarke's autobiographic sketch of what she calls *My Long Life*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) It was her good fortune, not only to know a great many interesting people in a very interesting time, but to be herself a very interesting person. The volume is enriched with several portraits.——*Legends from River and Mountain* contains ten stories taken from the German of Carmen Sylva, all of them being of Roumanian origin. The remaining stories in the volume are collected from different parts of Germany. The book is not intended as a contribution to the study of folk-lore, but rather as a contribution to the entertainment of younger readers. For this purpose it is capitally illustrated. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The fourth volume of the *Writings of Thomas Paine* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) includes a number of interesting and characteristic pieces, among them the once famous "Age of Reason."——Few recent series of books have had a wider popularity or have more thoroughly deserved it than the "Story of the Nations," to which the latest addition is Mr. C. E. Maurice's *Story of Bohemia*, a chapter of history of which, as a rule, Americans know very little. The volume may therefore be said with entire accuracy to supply what was needed, and what in this form has not existed before.

The Memoirs of Mgr. Salamon, the Internuncio at Paris from 1790 to 1801, throw an interesting light on the tragic period of the Abbé de Salamon's residence in Paris. He was an eye-witness of some of the most striking scenes of the revolutionary epoch, and he describes what he has seen in a very direct and unconventional fashion. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)——A very pretty copy of Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen* has been issued by Little, Brown & Co. The translation from the French is made by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett. There is a memoir of the author by Miss Guiney, and there are five etched plates and seven etched vignettes, with a photogravure frontispiece of Calvé as Carmen.——A translation by F. Max Müller of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* very fitly commemorates the centenary of the first publication of that epoch-making work, and is put in a substantial and well-printed volume by the Macmillan Company.——The growing popular interest in architecture is evidenced by the rapidly increasing literature on the subject. To this literature no American is probably better qualified to make a contribution of lasting value than Mr. Russell Sturgis, whose *European Architecture: A Historical Study*, comes from the press of the Macmillan Company in a large, well-made, and generously illustrated volume. The story of the art is told from the time of prehistoric building to the architecture of western Europe so late as the close of the last century.

The Temple Shakespeare is nearing completion, *The Rape of Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis and Passionate Pilgrim* being the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth volumes, leaving one more to follow. (The Macmillan Company.)——The same publishers have added to the Modern Reader's Bible, recently noticed at length in these columns, *The Judges*, with Professor Moulton's introduction and notes.——They have also added to their new edition of *Wordsworth's Works* Vol. VII., which includes the Ecclesiastical Sonnets and the poems of 1823 and 1834, inclusive.——The same imprint is also upon Balzac's *Beatrix*, translated by James Warren, with the usual preface by Mr. Saintsbury. There is an excellent etching of Balzac's birthplace introduced by way of frontispiece.——*The Bridal March, and One Day* make up the fifth volume in the new edition of the novels of Björnson. The former was written in 1872, and the latter was first published in 1893. (The Macmillan Company.)

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have made an exceedingly pretty book of a number of Mr. Brander Matthews's short essays under the title *Aspects of Fiction and Other Ventures in Criticism*. Readers will be equally interested in what Mr. Matthews has to say about American literature, about "The Penalties of Humor"—one of his very characteristic essays—and about novels and the writing of novels, for on all these matters Mr. Matthews may be said to have expert knowledge.

Professor Corson's *Selections from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* has been prepared, he tells us, as an introduction to the study of Chaucer as a poet rather than as a writer of fourteenth-century English. This was an excellent thing to do, and no American is more competent to do it than Mr. Corson. The Ellesmere text is used, and there are a very interesting general introduction, copious notes, and a glossary. (The Macmillan Company.)

The small boys and girls who wrestle with temptation and overcome it, and in return accomplish the thing they want to accomplish most, are the heroes and heroines of *The Making of a Hero*, by Mrs. George A. Paull. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

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The Religious World

Jubilee Meeting of the American Missionary Association

From our Special Correspondent

A peculiar interest always attaches to an annual meeting of the American Missionary Association. Including as it does in the scope of its labors the elements of both home and foreign missionary work, it is able to present all that is heroic and romantic in both lines of effort, and to appeal in an impressive manner to both patriotic and philanthropic sentiment. It addresses itself particularly to what are called the "despised races" in this country—a phrase which ought long ago to have been abandoned—the negroes in the South, the Indians upon the reservations, the Chinese on the Pacific coast, the illiterate "mountain whites" of the Appalachian range, and the Eskimos of Alaska. It is able to gather from these various fields a vast amount of fresh and telling material; and as the officers and workers of the Association have always been men and women of a conspicuously devoted type, the annual gathering of the Association in public meeting has long ranked among the most notable religious anniversaries of the year.

The meeting at Boston last week possessed an unusual interest from the fact that the Association has just completed fifty years of work, and the occasion was properly given something of a festival character. The place of meeting was the new Tremont Temple, whose spacious and brilliant auditorium was profusely decorated with the National colors and with banners bearing legends appropriate to the anniversary. More than a thousand delegates were in attendance, and a large audience was present at every session, the evening audiences particularly testing the full capacity of the hall.

There was, of course, much of reminiscence in the addresses which were given. Several of the speakers, notably the venerable Secretary, the Rev. Dr. M. E. Strieby, whose long years of connection with the Association have won for him distinguished honors, were able to draw from abundant resources in this line. There was frequent reference to the old anti-slavery days, and many a thrilling incident and heroic achievement were recalled, stirring the hearts of old and young alike. It was the privilege of the Association also to recall to its platform a number of speakers who represented in themselves the practical value of the Association's work; and, as these looked backward to the days of bondage and barbarism from which they had been rescued, their sense of gratitude shone forth at times in a way deeply pathetic. It was right that these noble men and women, with their host of redeemed fellows in the South and West, should be frequently referred to as the true monuments of the Association's work.

But while the reminiscent feature of the gathering was naturally prominent, the chief emphasis was laid upon present needs and opportunities. The fifty years of toil, sacrifice, and hardship were regarded, not as a cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving alone, but as furnishing a basis for yet more extended and hopeful effort. Indeed, this look toward the future was the pronounced characteristic of the anniversary. From the opening sermon by Dr. Lyman Abbott, in which the proclamation of brotherhood was eloquently set forth as the special mission of America, to the closing impassioned words of Dr. Alexander McKenzie, who urged the lifting up of Christ as the one who is drawing all men unto himself, this thought was continually uppermost: What is our present duty? How shall we best improve the vast opportunities opening before us? In special line with this thought was the notable address of Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, who dared to lift the veil of the future and describe the Nation with these various racial elements assimilated; also the scholarly consideration of the sociological bearings of the Association's work by the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, with its companion eloquent utterance regarding the patriotic relations of the work by the Rev. Dr. C. W. Hiatt; also the special addresses on various departments of the field by the Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins, speaking for the Indians, the Rev. Dr. James Brand in behalf of the Mountain Whites, and the Rev. Dr. J. H. Twichell pleading for the Chinese. A most practical application of this thought was given Thursday afternoon, when, under the inspiration of two forceful addresses by the Rev. Drs. Nehemiah Boynton and Robert R. Meredith, an appeal was made to the audience to assist in the effort to reduce the debt of the Association by taking "Jubilee shares" of fifty dollars each. More than $20,000 had already been subscribed toward this fund (the debt now being $66,000 as against $96,000 a year ago), and, amid considerable enthusiasm, over $9,000 was pledged in a brief space of time, most of the contributions being in single shares or less. There was one vivid moment during the response to this appeal when a telegram from Florida was read announcing that the infamous Sheats Law had just been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of that State.

The anniversary was naturally a time for congratulation. Prominent in this connection were the addresses of Hon. Roger E. Wolcott, the acting Governor of Massachusetts, and Hon. Josiah Quincy, the Mayor of Boston, who welcomed the Convention in words of sincere appreciation and genuine Christian sentiment. Fraternal addresses were also received from eminent representatives of the six associated benevolent societies sustained by the Congregational churches of the country. Especially notable were the addresses of Bishop Benjamin F. Tanner, of the African M. E. Church, and of Bishop C. V. Galloway, of the M. E. Church, South. The latter address, which was as fine a piece of rhetoric as has ever been heard on the Association's platform, and as cordial in its brotherly feeling as it was perfect in diction, was received with marked demonstrations of satisfaction and approval.

By courtesy of the city authorities the Association was given permission to "rock the cradle"—which, in local parlance, means holding a meeting in Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty." Two noon meetings were held in this historic edifice, and the hall was crowded each time with an enthusiastic audience. The presiding officers on the two occasions were Hon. S. B. Capen and Hon. A. H. Wellman, who both eulogized the work of the Association in promoting an exalted type of patriotism. The speakers were the Rev. Drs. Robert R. Meredith, Alexander McKenzie, Edward Everett Hale, and Alonzo H. Quint—names whose bare mention in such connection will suggest the nature of what was said, and its reception by the audience. Naturally, the all-prevailing political excitement could not be banished from such gatherings, and while no speaker was guilty of "offensive partisanship," there were numerous references to the currency question which indicated a practically unanimous sentiment in favor of "sound money." At the second of these "town meetings," to use Dr. Hale's felicitous phrase, a ringing resolution was adopted, under Dr. Hale's lead, demanding that the Armenian refugees be given an asylum in this country.

Other subordinate but none the less interesting gatherings were the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting in Park Street Church on Wednesday evening under the lead of Secretary J. W. Baer, which was characterized by the customary Christian Endeavor enthusiasm, and the Women's Meeting in Tremont Temple on Thursday afternoon, when the list of speakers included such noted names as Miss Susan Hayes Ward, Miss Alice L. Dawes, Miss Mary C. Collins, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer.

It was a great disappointment that neither Senator George F. Hoar nor Dr. Richard S. Storrs, who were announced for the closing session, could be present, Dr. Storrs being detained on account of sickness in his family, and Senator Hoar on account of—the fact need not be disguised—politics. The former, however, sent an eloquent letter, which was eloquently read by Dr. Lyman, of Brooklyn, in which he pointed out the providential leadings of the Association in its relation to American history and public affairs.

A most delightful feature of the sessions was the singing of a double quartette, composed of students and recent graduates from Fisk University. Their rendering of the old slave songs, inexpressibly sweet and musically artistic as well, was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Special mention should also be made of the admirable arrangements which had been devised by the local committee, under the lead of the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton, of Shawmut Church, for the comfort and convenience of the delegates. The committee was not responsible for the abominable ventilation of Tremont Temple—a blemish upon this otherwise attractive place of meeting—but in every other respect its provisions were most liberal and acceptable.

The Convention as a whole was a splendid success from every point of view, and a new impetus will be given to the cause for which the Association is working, which is sure during the coming years to be productive of large results.

H. W. G.

Fourth Convention of the Institutional Church League

The selection of the Fourth Congregational Church in Hartford, Conn., as the meeting-place for the annual Convention of the Open and Institutional Church League was most appropriate. For ten years this church, under the admirable leadership of the Rev. H. H. Kelsey, has been with conspicuous force demonstrating to the traditional conservatism of the old order in New England the practicability of making the church not chiefly a school of teaching but a center of ministry. How helpful to this end have been the faculty and students of the Hartford Theological Seminary is a matter of history. The "Old Fourth" still stands, sadly deficient as a plant for its multiplied work, but hope for a building which may be adequate to its needs and at the same time yield an endowment income awaits only the favorable results of the present political struggle for its fruition. It need not be said that in such an environment this gathering of the workers and supporters of the so-called institutional churches found warm welcome. Excellent audiences were present at the more formal public meetings of the evenings of the 20th and 21st inst., and the discussions in the other sessions were vigorous, rich in sound principle and common sense, and full of courage and hope. Those who have watched the growth of the League for the three years of its history, and who have participated in its previous conventions in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, perceive a definite increase of strength not only in the individual enterprises represented, but in the closer coherence of the constituent parts of the League. Their creed, that "ministration to all men and all of the man" is the function of the Church, has required no revision. The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: President, the Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., of New York; Corresponding Secretary, the Rev. E. B. Sanford, D.D., of New Haven; Treasurer, Mr. John S. Huyler, of New York; Recording Secretary, the Rev. Gaylord S. White, of Brooklyn. Among the Vice-Presidents are such influential names as those of Drs. C. A. Dickinson and Everett D. Burr, of Boston; Drs. Russell H. Conwell, W. M. Paden, Kerr B. Tupper, and Sylvanus Stall, of Philadelphia; Dr. C. S. Mills, of Cleveland; Drs. John Clark Hill and Graham Taylor, of Chicago; Drs. Josiah Strong, F. M. North, Edward Judson, C. S. Harrower, and Leighton Williams, of New York; and Messrs. William E. Dodge and Robert C. Ogden.

The Discussions as Signs of the Times

The subject matter of the Convention is quite as significant as was its personnel, as the topics, even without the synopsis of the exceedingly able addresses, will indicate. Dr. Charles L. Thompson, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in this city, and Dr. Charles H. Richards, of the Central Congregational Church in Philadelphia, discussed both analytically and broadly the question, "Is the Church Fulfilling its Mission?" Stronger pleas for an open church, an every-day church, for the spirit and method of ministry shown in the Apostolic church, have not been uttered. Dr. Everett D. Burr, of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church in Boston, spoke on "The Spirit of Ministration as Exemplified in the Institutional Church," an address penetrated with truest sympathy for the poor and the workingman, and strong in illustrations from the daily experiences of the speaker's own ministry. Professor William F. Blackman, who holds the chair of Sociology in the Yale Divinity School, presented a most discriminating paper upon "The Institutional Church in its Relation to the Community," in which the kinship of this movement in the churches to the development of the social order and the true perspectives of theology was most effectively stated. From the remarkable successes of the Holland Memorial Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia as a free church, its able pastor, Dr. W. M. Paden, illustrated that very imperative question, "The Problem of Support." Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University, whose eminent services in the field of agricultural chemistry are everywhere recognized, and who has been conducting practical experiments not only in the chemistry of foods but in the habits of the poor in the matter of food supply and cooking, discussed "Some Things the Church may do toward Improving the Food and Nutrition of the Poor." The mass-meeting of the second evening brought to the platform three speakers. Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper, now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia—a church with a plant which will cost $400,000 when finished, a membership of thirteen hundred, and a remarkably effective organization for church work—spoke of "Some Methods of Church Work which I Have Tried." Upon the present-day theme, "The Institutional Church an Essential Factor in City Evangelization," Dr. C. A. Dickinson, of Berkeley Temple, declared the truth as he saw it in the work of this first institutional church of the land; and the Rev. S. P. Cadman, of the Central Metropolitan Temple (Methodist) in New York, eloquently plead for broader foundations for evangelical thought and a wider scope for the ministries of the Church. Such a Convention, with such discussions, by men who in many different fields have won the right to a hearing, emphasizes the reality of the new era which has come to the Church and the world.

A Quiet Day

The Evangelical Alliance of the United States has issued a call for the observance of "A Quiet Day" by the ministers of the various churches of the United States as a means of preparation for the campaign of the coming winter. It suggests that a day of conference and prayer be spent together by all the ministers in each community, and that that day be November 17, and that in the evening of the same day all the officials of all churches be invited to be present. They call attention to the fact that most of the great movements in Christian history have been preceded by periods set apart for prayer and humiliation. The great missionary enterprises of this century had their origin in such a meeting. It is proposed that the ministers of the Free Churches of Great Britain unite in such a day this year. The call is issued in view of the fact that we are evidently in the midst of a period of transition, and such periods are crowded with great perils, and no less with great opportunities. The call, which is signed by William E. Dodge as President, Dr. Josiah Strong as Secretary, and representatives of all the evangelical churches, is itself an admirable and inspiring document. It can be secured in full from the Secretary at the general office in New York. We desire to give our influence to this movement. We can think of no better way for beginning the campaign in all the towns of the country than for the ministers and officers of the churches to meet for prayer and devout conference. Let the call of the Evangelical Alliance be heeded, and the 17th day of November be observed as a quiet day by the ministers and church officers throughout the country.

The Greatest Work of the Age

Last week we referred to the annual meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. This week we notice the annual meetings of the Baptist Union and of the Church Congress. The most significant utterance of the Baptist Union was contained in the address of the President, the Rev. T. Vincent Tymms, whose subject was "Authority, True and False." In the course of the address Mr. Tymms brought out the fact that the teachings of Christ are essentially revolutionary; that wherever the social order is not organized on the basis of righteousness it finds an implacable foe in Christianity. Concerning the social and political condition in England he said: "There is a schism in the body politic. The lower self is so far smitten and restrained by the higher mind which seeks to serve the law of God that it cannot fully execute its just designs, and is sometimes entirely arrested; but the higher is so fiercely resisted and impeded by the lower that its noblest purposes are often frustrated, and its best acts so marred and mixed with what is bad that its good is evil spoken of, and seems at times, both to Englishmen and foreigners, to be a fraud." Following, he declared that the greatest work of the age is the education of men for authority according to the method of Jesus Christ. He used these words: "It is a greater thing to make men fit for liberty . . . than it is to make them free. It is a greater thing to make men worthy of power than to put a scepter in their hands and to provide them with a realm which they may desolate." Following this he argued earnestly in favor of the distinctly spiritual work of the Church, and said: "I view with jealousy attempts to convert the Church into an engine for the performance of lower works than those for which she was created as a spiritual body." The main thought of the address was that the education of the people in moral ideas is the greatest work of the time, and that that can be accomplished better by the ministry and the churches devoting themselves to distinctly spiritual lines than to co-operation in schemes for political and social renovation.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew began its annual Convention in Trinity Church, Pittsburg, October 14. The meeting, while not as large as some which have preceded, was regarded as eminently successful. Among the more notable addresses were those of Bishop Sessums, who spoke on the subject of "Citizenship," and Bishop Whipple, who delivered the anniversary sermon. Six or seven hundred young men representing the Order were present. An interesting feature of the meeting was a session devoted to college men, in which there was a movement to induce them to turn their attention to the founding of college settlements, after the manner of other settlements already in existence both in Great Britain and America. From the report of the Council we notice that the growth of the Brotherhood during the last year has been comparatively small. Forty-nine new chapters have been added, making a total of 1,174. "The most notable incident in the life of the Brotherhood during the year was a visit of a committee representing the two American Brotherhoods to England and Scotland. One outcome of the visit was the formal organization of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the Church of England. This occurred June 12 in the Church House, London. One of the interesting incidents of the visit abroad was the receipt of a cordial letter from Mr. Gladstone. From the report of these meetings in the "Churchman" we make the following extract concerning Bishop Whipple's sermon: "The Bishop paid a glowing tribute to the missionaries of other communions, and said that 'in the other land there will be but one communion.'" There is no indication that the Bishop went further, and intimated what that communion would be; but, being a peculiarly liberal and broad-minded man, we have no doubt that he referred to the common communion of saints. What a blessing it would be if there could be more of that common communion in all forms of Christian work before we reach that other land!

For the Little People

At Eventime

By Mary F. Butts

Swallow, dear swallow,
  Hasten from the sky;
The ant with her pack
  Has just hurried by.

Madame Honey-Bee,
  Who started with the day,
Has carried home her honey,
  And packed it all away.

Work and play are over,
  The evening sky is red;
Let all little people
  Hurry home to bed.

The Two Orphans

By Nora Archibald Smith

There was a flutter, a splutter, a rustle, a scratching, and a squeak in the chimney, and, suspecting a mouse, I hurriedly called out "Scat!" Then there was more flutter, more rustle, and more squeak, and the noise of a light fall. It must be a bat, I thought; but who ever heard of a bat falling down a chimney?

The curious noise went on, so I cautiously stole to the fireplace and moved aside the fire-board a little, not at all sure what sight would meet my eyes. The light pouring in produced a marked effect, and the fluttering increased, while the other noise grew louder and sounded like a snake's hiss, alternating with a shrill chirp. Brave in the knowledge that snakes never crawl down chimneys, I thrust my head still further into the darkness, and there, clinging to the blackened bricks, was a half-grown swallow, in a high state of fear and excitement, apparently calling for his mother in one breath, and in the next bemoaning the ruffled, sooty condition of his first suit of feathers. In the ash-pan lay another swallow, not fully fledged as yet, and not as strong as his brother, but very bright-eyed, noisy, and watchful, while beside him were the nest, one long, pointed white egg, and the pieces of a broken one. Evidently while the parents were out for an airing the young birds had been having a nursery frolic, and down had come babies, cradle, and all. Knocking a thing down, as perhaps you have noticed, is really quite an easy matter, but putting it up again is often very different. The more I looked at the nest, the more sure I felt that fastening it to the bricks was a task altogether beyond my powers, even if I had been able to climb far enough up the chimney to secure it in a suitable place. The baby birds were too young to give advice, and, besides, I did not understand their language, though I knew enough about it to be sure that they were both crying at once, "Oh, mother, I'm so frightened! Oh, father, do come quickly!"

The nest really was so sooty and so dirty that I lifted it with the tongs and laid it in the dust-pan. The little thing was beautifully made, like half an oval basket in shape, and carefully woven of flexible twigs in real basket-work pattern, over and under one, over and under one, with not a single bit of a mistake in one of the rows. The twigs were glued together to make it more secure, and it had evidently been glued to the chimney, too, only the father and mother bird perhaps had not had much experience with babies before, and did not know how they kicked nor how strong their cradles had to be. The more I looked at it, the more I wondered how two small swallows could make such a cradle, with no hatchet to cut the wood, no knife to trim it into shape, no shuttle to weave the twigs, no foot-rule to measure them, no glue-pot and no brush to stick them together, and no needles and no thread to sew the soft linings. What care and tenderness and patience and industry had been lavished on that nest, and here it was in a dust-pan at last! But my admiration was not half finished when the young swallows grew so noisy and so uneasy that I felt that something must be done at once to help them; so I picked them up, too, put them in the dust-pan, and carried nest and all downstairs and laid it on the grass under the lilacs. Now, I thought, the father and mother bird will certainly find their babies, for no one could help hearing such cries, and, of course, they will think out some way of meeting the difficulty. I must go away, though, or the parents will be afraid to come, and I went upstairs to my work. But hours passed and the old birds did not appear, while, after an interval of silence, the screams of the two orphans grew so much more piercing that I really feared they would attract a neighbor's cat half a mile away.

It was late afternoon now, and the babies of course were hungry, as well as frightened and lonely. They must not be left on the ground all night, so I hunted up a small basket, and, lining it with flannel, tucked the sufferers within and hung it high in the branches. The basket was not half as well made as their own, but it would serve for a shelter. Now bed was provided, but where was supper? I moistened bread with warm milk, and tried to open their beaks and coax a few mouthfuls down their gaping throats. No, they would not eat; they gasped and choked and almost tumbled out of the basket in their fright and disgust. It was much as if an elephant should try to feed a mouse, and I retired to the library window, ready to weep over my failure. Where were the father and mother? Had they both been killed, and were the babies alone in the world? They were quiet now, and in the silence I heard the flutter of the catbird's wings as he came to his nest in the same clump of lilacs. I knew him and his dusky wife very well, and had taken a great interest in their three little ones, and I could hear now their flutterings and calls for food and see their heads thrust out of the nest for the expected mouthful. The baby swallows heard, too, and began to cry again, "Oh, dear, I am so hungry! oh, dear, I am so cold! oh, dear, I am so lonesome!" over and over again. The catbird seemed surprised to find the noise so near, and hopped on a twig to look at the basket and its contents. Of course he had heard the crying all the afternoon, but at a greater distance, and it could scarcely be called his business then, as I appeared to be nursing the foundlings. He shook his head now, and retired to think the matter over. Presently his wife returned, and again there was excitement and loud calls for food from the kitten birds, followed as before by renewed wails from the swallows. The mother listened, fluttered through the lilacs to the basket, made some remarks in a low voice to its inmates, and rustled away.

What was going to happen? Would this dear, kindly little couple take the sad case in hand? Yes, bless the warm hearts that beat under the gray feathers! here they came flying back, each with a beakful for the orphans. To and fro, to and fro they hurried, thrusting bit after bit into the wide-opened mouths until the hungry cries died away and soon only sleepy twitters of satisfaction could be heard.

I watched them in my window, and cried for very joy in their goodness and relief at the orphans' good fortune. But their tender charity was only half completed, for as the evening grew dusky and the night dews began to fall, one of the good Samaritans hopped into the basket and cuddled the shivering swallows under her thick feathers and close to her warm, loving little heart, while her mate hovered their own brood. Happy kitten birds to have such a mother and father, and happy swallows to have found such protectors!

The next morning I eagerly watched the lilacs, and saw that the orphans were being cared for as regularly and as carefully as the other brood, while at night they were tenderly hovered again. So the days went on, the parent birds working with scarcely a moment's rest to care for their five little ones. The swallows grew up as strong, bright-eyed, and well-feathered as if their very own father and mother had been tending them, and when the right time came they were taught to fly, and went out into the world.

Though I did not see them bid the home nest good-by, yet I know the parting must have been a very tender one, and I am sure, of all the carols of all the feathered songsters in the world, none can ever be so sweet to them as the mew of the catbird.

A New Kind of Kite

Kites used to be considered toys for boys. Now they are used for weather observations, and for decorations during a parade or outdoor demonstrations, having held flags in the air at varying heights. Now the possibility of using them in times of war to study the enemies' fortifications is being talked about. In New York Harbor is an island called Governor's Island, used by the Government for purposes of defense. On this island is a fort equipped with mounted guns. Soldiers are stationed there. Opposite on the other shores are other forts equipped with mounted guns and soldiers. No enemies' ships could come to New York without passing these forts. The guns at the forts would sweep the decks of the ships, and sink the ships. This is what is meant by the defense of the harbor. One of the officers on this island has been experimenting in making a kite that will carry a man high in the air, where he may see the surrounding country. He made a frame thirty feet long and nine inches deep. This frame is strongly braced on the inside, and the kite-string is a quarter-rope. There are really two kites, one smaller than the other, fastened four hundred feet apart on the kite-string. The kites have no tails. The ends of the frame are covered at either end with canvas, and the wind has free play through the frame. The kite-string fastened to the main frame is wound round a windlass, and is played out by four men. Less than that number could not hold the kites. The smaller kite helps to raise the larger one. Last week the kites floated in the air with a dummy weighing forty pounds, dressed as a man, sitting in a hanging seat below the larger kite. The kites carried the dummy easily, and when it was drawn in it settled gently to the ground. The problem is to find out how heavy a load the kites will carry, and then to devise some steering-gear by which the kites may be controlled in the air. Lanterns were tied on the kite-string the other night, and made a very pretty sight.

Two Babies in a Bag

Out West, last spring, two young men were plowing when they found two young coyotes, a species of prairie-dog. They tried to take the coyotes home. After a good deal of trouble with the father and mother, who tried to recover their dear babies from these, to them, cruel monsters, the men succeeded in driving the father and mother away, and then tied the babies securely in a bag. They watched the bag for a while, but, as the father and mother did not attempt to come nearer than the edge of the wood, they thought they were thoroughly frightened and would not try to get their babies back. The men followed the plow from end to end of the field, passing the little creatures in the bag several times. Suddenly there was a strange sight when they turned down the field. It was the mother coyote dragging the bag with her babies in it across the field to the woods. She reached the woods with the bag, escaping the men, and there probably ripped the bag open and let her babies out. She seemed to know that to let them out of the bag in the field would mean recapture; she could run with them tied up faster than they could run if free.

A Queer Cat

The Chicago "Tribune" says there is a cat in Chicago that loves water, and dislikes warm sunshine or the heat from a fire. This cat was in a house that was burned down, and its feet were burned. Ever since he has shown a dislike of heat, and that he likes water.

Correspondence

Silver and Mexico

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your successive articles on the "money" question have always met with my hearty approval. As it seems desirable that all possible light shall be cast upon this subject, especially at this critical period, I beg leave to add to your valuable contributions on this topic a very interesting letter received by me from a very distinguished and influential citizen of Mexico, and my reply thereto, not as directly bearing on this election, which involves issues of far greater importance to the welfare and existence of our Republic, but as aiding in the solution of the financial problem, which will remain and become an all-important question long after the election shall have settled the more momentous issues. The situation seems almost grotesque, that a citizen of Mexico should be commenting upon and deploring the threatened disorders of the United States!

The translation of the letter is as follows:

EXTRACT FROM LETTER

My Dear Friend: . . . I see with regret that the political agitation in your country continues to produce financial uneasiness of fatal consequences to the natural course of business. It may be that after the 3d of November next you may enjoy some tranquillity; but in the meantime the alarm, whether it has solid foundations or not, will continue increasing, in all probability. A panic is a sentiment very easily communicated, and takes hold of the multitude with lightning rapidity, causing among them terrible havoc. Will the United States reach such a stage? With all my heart I desire that they shall not. The fact that two great parties, which in turn have been directing the affairs of state, should be divided on the question of "Free Trade" or "Protection," of itself entails a serious impediment to the normal life of business. And, besides, an additional obstruction exists; a natural law, which seems to recognize a financial crisis of greater or less importance as likely to occur in periods not exceeding ten years, almost as great a disturber as the tariff reform, arises in each Presidential epoch, which, affecting as it does production in its source, affects perforce all the mechanism of the question of "wages," "exchanges," and of "credit," without obtaining, in a properly constituted social body, any compensation by the acquirement instead of other advantages. And if to this, already a serious question, we add the new problem, or, to better express it, the new conflict which is being waged, notwithstanding the technical character of the matter, between "gold" and "silver" supporters, it appears but natural that doubt and indecision should invade all classes, this phenomenon producing an alarm which all feel, but cannot clearly account for. I venture to send you a copy of an article I wrote and published here (in the City of Mexico) on the silver question, hoping it will interest yon. The article is as follows:

"*Editor of the Corres Español:*

"Sir—The silver problem, concerning which you have asked my opinion in your esteemed daily, rather demands a book, scrupulously considered, than a few lines written in haste. A good many have, in fact, been published in late years, but, abstracting the very important collection of data necessary for the formation of a judgment concerning the approximate circulation of the white metal, all that these intellectual efforts have shown has been the uselessness of every tendency to withdraw this problem from its economic channel to place it in spheres of administrative action, seeking a thousand legal solutions, all of which are impossible. Within such a field it would be useless to pretend that this matter should acquire greater light than the very small one with which it is now illumined; and in truth it does not cause much wonder to see it obscured and entangled, in view of the inefficiency of the methods of examination applied thereto. In my opinion, the value of silver "bullion" has come to be confused with that of silver "coin," not considering the fact that a coin of a nation represents, to a certain degree at least, its credit; and, as such, made receivable for taxes and other uses as money, might as well be placed upon a piece of argentiferous metal (making an abstraction of the bullion value thereof) as on a piece of paper. When a State is sufficiently rich to convert into gold at a given moment all its coined silver presented, it can fix the relation between the two coined metals in any manner it may deem most reasonable, as France, Belgium, or the United States are now able to do. But whereas in Italy, Spain, or Portugal, the economic power is weak and badly organized, public authority lacks the means to force said relation, and the market then establishes it—the coin becomes bullion, changeable in value according to supply and demand. From this confusion between silver as a product and silver as coin arises the prejudgments which prevent the solving of the problem."

"The rise of silver at this moment (August 31, 1894) is an accident of commercial character and has no connection of any kind with the scientific view of the question. As to my personal opinion on the subject, it can be condensed in a few lines. I do not believe in the positive and permanent reinstatement of the value of the white metal, and I will not believe in it even if all the governments in accord fix upon it a definite ratio in its relation to gold. Let us suppose that said arrangement had been agreed upon at this moment. In what form could it be done? The relation, it is obvious, could only be established between gold and silver coins. Supposing that the contracting powers fix a common standard for their coinage. None of them, unless they had lost their reason, would obligate itself to coin a larger amount than it required for its own use. The moment that silver would, by this device, receive a higher value than properly belongs to it, the production thereof would necessarily be stimulated to an exorbitant degree. Let us imagine that the governments would obligate themselves to convert into coin all the silver now produced from the mines, distributing it equitably (*i. e.*, according to each country's need and ability to maintain at par with gold on the fixed ratio). As soon as the hope of a greater profit increased the production, who would then consume the surplus? Would it be offered for sale, as any other product? Then, in such case, from that moment the legal standard and the fixed price would perforce be altered, and the silver subject, like any other commodity, to the law of supply and demand.

Would the production of silver in the world be limited to a fixed amount to prevent so difficult an obstacle? Could the amount of silver, in excess of the limit which the contracting powers had determined necessary for consumption, be declared contraband? And even if this were done, would such a measure be at all effectual? The limitations to the legitimate use of our activity are never decreed except to fall into disuse. I do not, therefore, think that silver will ever recover its former purchasing power (at least as refers to natural products, as the manufactured products will constantly cheapen), nor as a coin, nor as a product; and I do not think, either, that its present condition can be bettered in a permanent manner by monetary congresses or international agreements. In case mining should prove unprofitable, and the product be diminished thereby, we might hope, considering the necessity of silver as an intermediary coin, for an advance in price; but this advance could never go beyond the level of a reasonable compensation for the labor employed, because otherwise, as soon as the phenomenon of large profits presents itself, the increase of the production would come, and moderate it by competition.

"Such are the eternal and unavoidable laws which govern the economic life of humanity."

Your affectionate friend,
TELESFERO GARCIA.

My reply was as follows:

My Dear Friend: On my return I find your valued favor of 7th inst., with your letter on "silver." I am struck and impressed by both your views on the political outlook in the former, and on silver in the latter. I must absolutely agree with you in all you say on the former topic, and am glad to report that the continuous speeches of Bryan are illustrating and demonstrating, to all who read them, what a shallow, unprincipled fellow he is. His appeals to the passions and prejudices of the mob shock every good citizen, and produce a silent if not a public avowal of enmity and a determination to vote against him. This feeling is so widespread already as to very much relieve the situation, and many of us do not hesitate even now to predict an overwhelming defeat to him. As to silver, all your propositions are incontrovertible, although I cannot accede to your conclusion, which, alas! would be death to silver and thus a catastrophe for the time being. It seems to me that every argument you use in reference to "silver" applies equally to "gold." And it occurs to me that to constitute that metal the one sole measure of value is to make the standard a variable one—certainly depending on the supply—liable to bring about every financial evil if the supply be largely diminished, and almost as great disturbance in the opposite direction if the world should be flooded with a great excess. The two metals seem to have operated to establish an equilibrium in this particular; perhaps I am wrong, but such has been my idea. Certain statisticians declare that our annual supply of gold now exceeds 200 millions. Well, that is barely sufficient to meet the present demand—in fact, absolute requirement—of the world for its annual increase of money. Positive facts show that from 1860 to 1890 the annual average sum added to the existing bulk of money in the world has been 200 millions of dollars. Just think of it! in thirty years, 1860–90, the bulk of money was doubled! In 1860 the accumulation of all the preceding ages of civilization was a little less than 6,000 millions of dollars. In 1890 there was 12,000 millions. A study of this most astounding fact leads one to a singular conclusion, which is that the progress of the world may be measured by the amount of new money required to be added to the existing volume; and that, applying this test, there has been as much real progress and advancement in the world in the last thirty years as has taken place during all the preceding ages of civilization.

From these facts I infer that no less than 200 millions per annum are required now to keep pace with the world's needs. Can this sum be supplied with gold as sole basis, remembering that the lowest estimate of the amount of gold required each year to supply the present demand of the arts and sciences and dentistry—and which increases yearly—is at least 60 millions per annum, and up to possibly 90 millions; take out whatever sum this may be, and this must be supplied by paper. The evident insufficiency of supply opens the door to monopoly of gold supplies and corners in gold, by which the locking up in a critical time of even a moderate quantity of gold would produce a panic and financial crisis. If this be so now, what will be the condition fifty years from now, when the time will have added at least 700 millions to the world's inhabitants, and to maintain an equal per capita sum would have required by that time the creation of at least 7,000 millions more money than now exists, and to maintain our present rate of progress double this amount, or 14,000 millions will need to be added. I cannot think that there are deposits of gold on the surface of the globe to afford any such sum. One is lost in discussing the subject. I have a strong feeling that some other resource must be devised as a basis for currency than gold, and I will in another letter give you my ideas.

Most sincerely,
Your affectionate A. F. H.

Gresham's Law

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A few months ago I subscribed for your valuable paper in order that I might have abundance of light and truth during the campaign. Will you kindly allow me to call your attention to a general error which you have made, in common with most writers and speakers who oppose independent free coinage? It is a thing as simple as the Gresham Law, and yet I have not seen it correctly stated, while the conclusions drawn from it are often false.

The law as commonly stated is that the cheaper coin will drive the dearer one out of circulation. From this it is implied that, under free coinage, silver will drive gold out of circulation and also out of the country. Now, this law works only when there is a redundancy of coin. It does not work to cause violent contraction. The tendency of contraction is to lift the cheaper coin up to the value of the dearer, and cause both to float together. The law properly stated should be: When there is a redundancy of coin, the cheaper will drive the dearer out of circulation. Under free coinage gold will not leave us by the action of the Gresham Law until enough silver is coined to cause a redundancy of coin. Free coinage will not, therefore, necessarily cause violent contraction So important is this point that I hope you will make a note of it before the campaign closes.

R. E. B.

Chicopee, Mass.

The Precious Metals

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook for October 17 "F. S. K." says that the production of the precious metals is not largely governed by the market price, and "that any increase in the production of the precious metals is largely dependent upon chance finds."

Is either statement correct? Gold is used for coinage, also for jewelry and ornamentation. A large part of the gold mined must be sold in the open market, but the market value of gold is such that the average person cannot afford to spend a great amount for gold ornaments. Hence the limited demand for gold, and, therefore, limited production.

With free coinage of silver there might be an unlimited amount of silver coined.

Every mine-owner in the United States would work his mine for all there was in it if there were a market in this country for every ounce of silver it contained.

When the United States Government had taken the silver bullion and coined it into dollars, those dollars would go back into the mine-owner's own capacious pocket to spend how and where he pleased, in this country or abroad, as he pleased. Perhaps he would go to some South American silver country with which the silverites are anxious to increase our trade, and buy another silver mine—one of the inex-

Cleveland's Baking Powder does the work just right every time.

Votes

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haustible mines of the Andes, for instance. Then he would bring more silver bullion to the United States to coin. Those dollars would also belong to him. He might possibly spend a few in this country, so as to say he was increasing the amount of silver money in use in this country. By and by he would be rich enough to exchange his silver for half its weight in gold, or less by that time, and go to the gold countries of Europe and end his days in luxurious ease.

An extreme case? Possibly. Meanwhile our silver dollars would be worth the weight of the silver that was in them, fifty-three cents or less, according to the market value of silver for the world. We laboring people would have to work just as hard as we do now for our $1 or $2 a day, but the hard-earned dollars would be worth only the silver that was in them. Why will a United States silver dollar or silver certificate buy 100 cents' worth to-day? Because it has a gold dollar behind it. Take your United States silver dollar to Mexico. Buy a dollar's worth of goods. You will get your dollar's worth of goods—what the Mexican shopkeeper calls a dollar's worth, of course—and a Mexican silver dollar in change. Because a United States dollar is worth two of the Mexican, and the Mexican dollar you would get in change would have more silver in it than the United States dollar you took with you. So much for our gold standard at present.

And, after all, how does helping the mine-owner help the farmer? We hear a great deal about helping the farmer and the poor laboring man, but how is free coinage of silver going to do it? How is the money to reach the farmer? If the United States Government offered to buy all the wheat the farmers would raise, every farmer would plant every square inch of his land in wheat, and we should hear no more of abandoned farms. Then the farmers and laboring people and everybody else would be benefited, and we should all be sure of cheap bread, though perhaps not much else in the way of cheap food. Similar to the other case? Yes, but a farm is a small thing compared to a silver-mine, and the farmer would be likely to spend his money in this country. But is not one plan as sensible as the other?

Some people say "with free coinage there will be more money, and we'll all get some of it." That reminds me of a picture that I saw the other day. A farmer from a very rural district has ridden into town to interview the station agent. He says, "If Bryan gets elected we'll have free silver, won't we?" "Yes." "Well, when you get the free silver, will you send it out to us, or shall we come in after it?"

We should all have to work for our money, and the farmer and grocer and shoemaker would give us fifty cents' worth of their goods for fifty cents' worth of silver even if that fifty cents' worth of silver were marked one dollar. Wheat and manufactured goods have a value in the market of the world, as well as silver, and the farmer and manufacturer would want the market price. "A man is known by the company he keeps" applies to intelligence as well as to morals, and we, as the United States of America, want to be with the best company we can find in the world.

If the greatest countries of the world and the best financiers of our own country approve of a gold standard, why should we wish to rank ourselves with Mexico and China?

Isn't China spoken of in the geographies as half-civilized? G. W. S.

Highlandville, Mass.

The Power of Free Coinage to Restore the Parity

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of the 17th inst., "F. S. K." states that after the adoption of free coinage we should have the six hundred millions of gold now supposed to be in this country "thrown upon the markets of the world, *and a demand created for at least enough silver to coin an equal amount.*" (The italics are mine.) This seems to be a singular misconception; there is no evidence that there would be any such demand. The United States Government now holds over four hundred millions of silver idle in its vaults. This quantity would be at once available. Last year's production of silver was upwards of two hundred millions of dollars, and with free coinage of silver in this country the production would probably increase largely.

These facts, I think, completely upset "F. S. K.'s" theory of a short supply of silver to be caused by the advance of gold to a premium. On the other hand, as you point out in an article in the same number of your paper on the Transvaal gold fields, there is every prospect of a very large and very steady increase in the supply of gold, which will tend to equalize the value of the two metals.

In view of this immediate increase of the gold supply of the world, it seems the height of folly to debase our currency and incur all the dangers which must follow such a course. O. E. E.

Blowing Rock, N. C.

Respectfully referred to The Outlook of October 10

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your paper dated May 4, 1895, page 721, in reply to Secretary Morton's statement as to the cause of falling price of silver, you show by table that it was not due to its increased production. In summing up the article you say, the relative depreciation of silver since 1873 (and especially since 1893) is entirely due to legislation, decreasing the demand for silver and increasing the demand for gold. The relative value which legislation clearly destroyed, legislation can as clearly restore. This is just what the silverites are claiming now, and you are at this time giving your aid to McKinley. Please give your answer, through the columns of The Outlook, why this change of front. J. W. F.

Fairlawn, O.

An Office-Holding Aristocracy

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you have the fairness to publish a protest against your recent editorial on "Civil Service Reform" as an issue in the present political campaign?

I have read and re-read the Democratic plank on this subject, and am utterly unable to find in it any justification of your statement that it is an attack upon our civil service system, and the still more astounding and sweeping assertion that "there is small reason to doubt that if Mr. Bryan is elected our whole system of civil service would be swept away." I am not writing as a silverite—I have no affiliations with the party—but as a governmental employee, appointed under civil service, and a long-time reader of The Outlook, anxious to keep his respect for and confidence in the fairness of that paper.

The Democratic plank declares for "appointments based on merit" and "equal opportunities for all citizens of ascertained fitness." You characterize these statements as "vague" and "shadowy." I have never seen anything from either party clearer or more reassuring. Will you justify your adjectives?

It also objects to life terms and declares for "fixed terms of office."

This is a new departure, and fit subject of criticism and discussion.

At sight it might seem to invite the evils of the spoils system; but, as a result of some two years' experience of the inevitable working of our present laws, I wish to say to you that I think no more useful amendment to our civil service could be made than a fixed term of office—in other words, periodical re-examinations to test continued fitness.

It is notorious that our Government pays higher salaries for less work than competing employers. The idea that the Government should lead in liberality toward labor, the pensioning sentiment, and, most of all, the personal touch of office-holders themselves with the Government, secures this, and their combined influence is massed against all reform that imperils their positions. A reform department chief finds as a result of all this a low standard of work as compared with the outside business he has been managing. Where there is a flagrant violation of rules or exceptional incompetence discharge is easily effected, but this very fact of a low average makes it well-nigh impossible to single out and dismiss enough to revitalize the service. You would regard such wholesale removal of men selected and serving without complaint for years under civil service as a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the law, and yet it is the easiest way of renovating the service, of removing the rust and sloth and decrepitude and rutism that mark the average old Government employee and debase the service.

Furthermore, so long as Government employees get more pay for work than the average, the many will be taxed for the benefit of the few, and the "outs," the many, will legitimately protest against such favoritism. This I understand the Bryan party to do more from the logic of the situation than from the phraseology of their declaration, but this is no part of true civil service, but its abuse.

Are you not governed by preconceptions and do you not confuse all suggestions of reform with the desire for "spoils"? OFFICE-HOLDER.

Free Silver Coinage Moral and Wise

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you permit a few questions from one who finds neither his judgment nor his conscience satisfied with the outcome of your discussion of the political issues in The Outlook of October 10? As is usual with The Outlook, you have made all those who are compelled to differ with you in your final conclusions your debtors for the fairness with which you state the underlying facts and principles in the opening of your article. Your spirit of candor and fairness has carried great weight, and has made us desirous of agreeing with your conclusions. Unable to do that, I am sure that your courtesy will welcome questions designed to show why I feel constrained to doubt the assurance you would have us feel in your conclusions.

1 First, as to the morals of the free coinage of silver. The moral objections to free coinage you say are more serious than the economic objections. The first question I ask is, Cannot your two principles for guidance in times of moral perplexity be turned against your own cause? You say it is rarely wise to do to another what he thinks unjust. I do not know what stronger argument you could put into the hands of the advocates of free coinage. Do you know how strong is the sense of injustice that has been rankling in the hearts of tens of thousands for years? It is this very sense of injustice which has given this movement its mighty impetus and is to-day making it almost resistless in its momentum. Nor is it satisfied in directing itself against a wrong inflicted by a former generation. I am convinced that the crime of '73, as the crime of '73, has never taken very strong hold of the general conviction of the people. They are rather content to let that go with Professor Francis A. Walker's characterization of it as one of the greatest political blunders to be found upon the pages of history. But it is the injustice of the maintenance of the gold standard in the light of the present facts that arouses this sense of outraged justice. It is a present wrong, persisted in in the face of long-continued and unheeded protests.

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that has so stirred up the feelings of the West and South. So over against your first principle we may place this second: It is equally rarely morally wise to continue to do to another what he thinks unjust. This compels the weighing of wrong against wrong. Which course involves the greater injustice? Which injustice is perpetrated under the least excusable circumstances? Which victim of the wrong, admitting both courses to involve wrong, is best able to endure its hardships? If I read aright the messages of all God's prophets, it is that injustice takes on a special turpitude when it is inflicted upon the poor or the defenseless. Now, is not this battle of the gold standard the battle of the strong against the weak; if you please, of the wise against the unwise? Are not our ears almost constantly assaulted with the charge that this is the battle of the poor against the well-to-do? of the proletariat against the property-owner, according to Archbishop Ireland?

Alongside of your second principle may not this one also be placed: It is never morally right voluntarily to continue upon a course of action as to the justice of which the actor is himself in doubt? It would seem that in view of the widespread ills resulting from the gold standard—evils not problematical, not lying in the future, and uncertain ever to occur, but evils now for a long time present, with us to-day, and therefore not dependent on any man's infallibility as a prophet, evils which have already entailed untold suffering and loss—it would seem that in view of this fact there ought to be awakened some compunctions of conscience and some misgivings of wisdom on the part of those who are endeavoring to force the continuance of the gold standard. Is not the Nation equally uncertain as to the moral merits of the gold standard as to those of free coinage? And if that uncertainty is fatal to the one course, should it not be equally fatal to the other? If a nation may not enter upon an experiment which a large proportion of its people regard as immoral or even of doubtful morality, then how may it continue upon such a course after its results have clearly indicated its immoral character? Let it not be forgotten that there are two consciences here; and if one will be outraged by being made a party to free coinage, the other will be equally outraged by being still held a party to the gold standard. If on the one hand there is a question of honesty, on the other there is a question of righteousness. How far are we required, how far are we justified, to entail this suffering and loss upon the innocent, in order to continue to pay our creditors in gold? I fail to see that the question of repudiation has place in the discussion. Silver and gold have been the world's money for thousands of years. This Nation, with a few others, was foolish enough to abandon silver. Wisdom and sound economics dictate its restoration. Any sacrifice involved therein must be accepted as a part of the price of the common folly. It it be said that others ought not to be required to pay the price of our folly, the answer is that all knew alike that we were embarked upon this untried experiment, that no guarantee was given to any that it would be continued should it prove disastrous, and, therefore, all investors took the risk of its abandonment.

By what consideration are we compelled to continue this costly experiment? No political jugglery is able longer to hide its folly, nor will be able much longer to hide its iniquity.

Much is made of the fact that our return to silver is to be an experiment. To me it is an exact reversal of the facts. It is monometallism that is the experiment, as Professor Walker has so well said. It cannot even longer claim the shelter of a doubt. Twenty-three years have already weighed it in the balances and found it wanting.

Speaking now upon the economic side of the question, it does not seem to me that you have done justice to Mr. Bryan's argument. Unintentionally, I am sure, you have done injustice to the argument for free silver. Its proposition, varying your statement a little, would be: "The gold standard is proving a disastrous experiment; it is safe to abandon an experiment when its disastrous character has been clearly shown." Now, the argument by which this proposition is maintained was left out of sight in your discussion. For it you substituted Mr. Bryan's "firm conviction." Instead of the firm conviction, it would have been better to have given the argument upon which that firm conviction is based. It is available in the free-coinage literature, and especially in the writings of St. John, Harvey, President Andrews, and in these latter weeks in the testimony of the leading European bimetallists, of whose recent change of front nothing is said in your article—an omission which seemed to me very remarkable, considering its weighty bearing on the question under discussion. I know nothing in the recent literature of this subject quite so important. Their common note is that if the present deadlock is to be broken, it is to be by some strong and independent nation taking the lead. And in this crisis they turn their eyes hopefully toward the United States.

Sanguine must he be who hopes that the return to silver, however accomplished, is to produce "nothing but beneficial results." It is only by contrasting the possible dangers of that return, even by the United States alone, with not only the present evils of the gold standard but those also which loom portentously in the future, that we are encouraged to venture the hazard. If "monometallism only half born" has wrought such havoc, what must be expected from the full-born child! Instant strangulation would seem to be in order! I admit the danger of precipitancy. But is there no danger in delay? May we not be losing a glorious opportunity? You surely are not insensible to the deep purpose behind the St. Louis platform, to fasten the gold standard upon this country? If it rested with Mr. McKinley alone, it might be different. But will not those who have forced him upon that platform, rather the platform upon him, and who will elect him, if he is elected, control to a large degree, in spite of his efforts, the course of his administration? It is because we see this set purpose in those who are chiefly fighting Mr. McKinley's battles that we fear the results of his election. It is on this account, too, that we are willing to risk some perils which many good people are now so ready to threaten upon the election of Mr. Bryan. I am confident that it is easy to exaggerate those perils. Many selfish and unpatriotic influences are conspiring to do so. Corporate greed shrinks from seeing Mr. Bryan in the Presidential chair, and with good reason. For this reason it has not hesitated to magnify the dangers of free coinage. Looking at the industrial progress of Mexico for the last ten years as compared with our own, I cannot bring myself to feel that even the threatened silver basis for this country, temporarily at least, would be such an unmixed and dreadful calamity. I prefer to reason from facts I know, rather than from those I conjecture. Nor can I see how gold, as it begins to decline, as it must in regard to commodities, even though it go to a considerable premium over silver, is going to go into hiding. Men do not hoard depreciating money, but money that is appreciating. If property begins to appreciate, will not gold seek investment in order to profit by the rise, instead of hiding and suffering the loss of its own decline? If a general enforcement of debt-payment is undertaken, will not the creditor lose more thereby in the long run than the debtor? On the whole, it seems to me that we are not yet half-way across the river to the safe ground of monometallism on the other side, it indeed there be such safe ground. There is deeper water before us than we have yet passed through. It is easier to turn back than to keep on. It is also safer; for we know both the water and the ground behind us, while we know neither before. The real experiment is not in going back, but in keeping on. President Andrews agrees with Professor Walker that the waters are not half passed through, and are deeper ahead than behind. Under the circumstances I cannot feel that it is safe to put those in command whose real purpose, whatever their words may be, is to keep up the forward march.

With only the highest appreciation for both the ability as well as the candor and fairness of your article, I am yet impelled to send you this protest.

San Miguel, Cal. T. W. D L.

[For other Correspondence see following pages]

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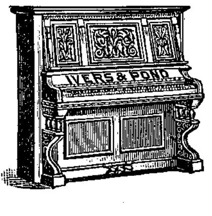

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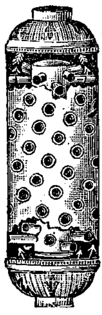

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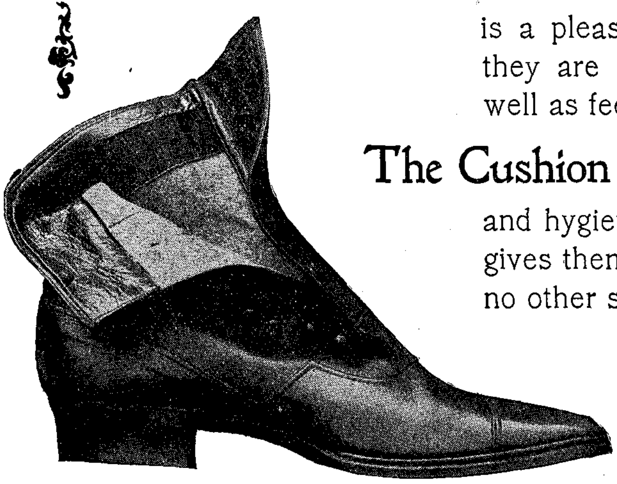

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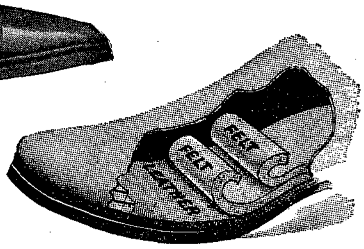

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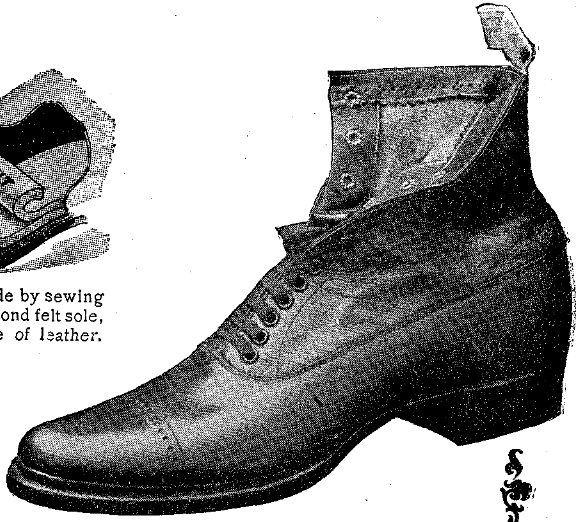

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Bits of Fun

"There is poetry in everything," mused the editor. "Now there is yonder waste-basket." And he laughed, as he sometimes did when he was all alone.—*Detroit Tribune.*

She—I think your young friend is entitled to great credit for the way he is doing. He—Yes, and the fellow gets it. He owes more than he can ever pay.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An old lady lauding up the Thames scenery said to Whistler: "The whole trip along the river was like a series of your superb etchings." "Yees," he replied, "nature is creeping up." —*McClure's Magazine.*

Mamma—How cruel, Eleanor, to hurt the poor little worm! Eleanor—But he looked so lonesome, mamma, an' I jus' cut him in two so's he'd have company, an' the two of him wiggled off together jus' ever so happy.—*Life.*

"John," she said, rather sternly, "the coal-bin is empty." "Yes," was the disconsolate reply, "it's that way the most of the time. It's never of use in an immediate emergency. I'm going to change its name, and call it the 'coal has been.'"—*Christian Work.*

Streeter—I don't understand how you can be so engrossed in religious work. Kirke—I suppose it depends in large measure upon association. There are people who are interested in golfing, for instance. Streeter—Oh, that's different.—*Boston Transcript.*

Like Beavers.—Tommy—Paw, what does it mean in the paper when it says that the leaders of a party are working like beavers? Mr. Figg—It might mean they are saying nothing and sawing wood, but it usually means they have begun throwing mud.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I presume," remarked the tourist, "the amazons have a war cry?" The King of Dahomey inclined his head affirmatively. "Yes," he answered; "that is to say, they use substantially the same cry in war that they use when they want a new dress. Yes. Effective? Say!"—*Detroit Tribune.*

A Scotch visitor to the Carlyles in Cheyne Row was much struck with the sound-proof room which the sage had contrived for himself in the attic, lighted from the top, and where no sight or sound from outside could penetrate. "My certes, this is fine," cried the old friend, with unconscious sarcasm. "Here ye may write and study all the rest of your life, and no human being be one bit the wiser."—*Household Words.*

A certain rector in a Suffolk village who was disliked in the parish had a curate who was very popular, and on his leaving was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and, meeting with an old lady one day, he said: "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial." "Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd bin a-going I'd 'ave subscribed double."—*Tit-Bits.*

A rich man of this city gave a chestnut party. Chestnut parties are quite the rage just now. They are easily planned and carried out. About the only necessity is chestnuts. That's where the rich man stumbled. The chestnut supply at the point he had selected for the party was scarce. There was a splendid tree, but its crop was light. Wealth is the true father of expedients. The rich man bought a generous supply of chestnuts and sent them out to be carefully scattered beneath the tree. When the party arrived at the nutting ground, lo! the tree had been shaken, and there on the ground lay the remarkably generous supply of nuts. The business of gathering them went merrily forward, when, all of a sudden, one of the older members of the party picked up a fallen leaf and looked at it suspiciously. Then she glanced up at the tree above her. "Isn't it strange?" she said. "Isn't what strange?" asked the rich man. "That all these chestnuts should grow on an oak tree." And it was oak, sure enough.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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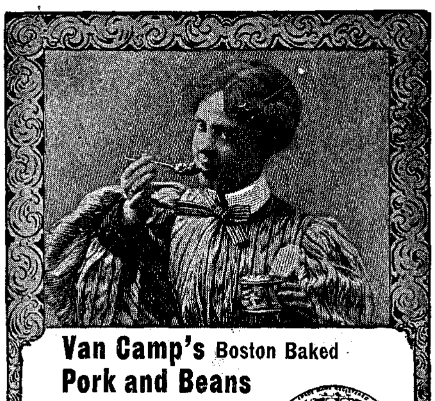

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About People

—Herr Krupp has dismissed all foreign workmen and officers, on the ground that they might betray his methods of gunmaking to foreign governments.

—The latest journals from Naples assert, upon what they say is the highest authority, that Verdi has given up his work on the opera "King Lear," and that for many reasons he will leave it a posthumous and unfinished achievement. The papers add that the master is putting the finishing touches to an oratorio to be sung by large choral masses; it is said to be in the style of the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn.

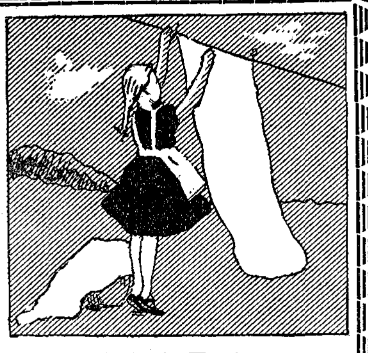
—The Lord Mayor-elect of London is Mr. Alderman George Faudel Phillips, a son of Sir Benjamin Phillips, who was chief magistrate of London in 1865. This is the only instance of father and son having been Lord Mayors. Mr. Phillips is a Hebrew and a millionaire merchant. His wife is the sister of Sir Edward Lawson, the owner of the London "Daily Telegraph."

—The Vermont Legislature has just reelected as United States Senator Justin S. Morrill, who thus attains a distinction reached by no other man in the history of this country. He has now been chosen to the Senate for six consecutive terms of six years each. Only one other man has ever been so continuously in public life in Washington—Senator Sherman. Both men entered the House together, and since 1867 have been colleagues in the Senate except during the four years when Mr. Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury.

—We recently published a note relating to the manner of signature of English bishops. Since then the following has come under our observation. Mr. C. J. London, the well-known horticulturist (whose handwriting was notoriously bad), once wrote to the old Duke of Wellington, asking permission to inspect his Walmer beeches—the beech avenue at Walmer Castle being famous. "Bless me!" said the Duke, "I wonder what the Bishop of London wants with my Waterloo breeches." However, with military promptitude, he rang for Constant, his valet, and ordered him to take those articles to the Bishop of London. Stupefaction of the Bishop!

—William Adams Richardson, Chief Justice of the Court of Claims at Washington, who has just died, was an Overseer of Harvard University, and also at one time lecturer and professor in the Georgetown Law School. Years ago, when practicing in Massachusetts, he was appointed to revise the statutes of that State, and soon after was chosen by the Legislature to edit the annual supplements to the general statutes, a duty which he continued to perform during twenty-two years. In 1869 he became Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, and in 1871 went to Europe as financial agent of our Government to negotiate the sale of the United States funded loan. In 1873 he became Secretary of the Treasury, but the next year resigned his position in order to accept a seat on the bench of the United States Court of Claims.

—The Chicago "Times-Herald" tells this story about Sir Walter Besant: "One day in midsummer, while the World's Fair Auxiliary Congress of Authors was in session, the Art Institute became as hot as an oven, and Walter Besant—the English novelist, now Sir Walter—nudged one of the managers of the Congress, while some one was reading a tiresome paper, and whispered: 'I say, my man, can't we slip out of here and get a breath of air and a little something cool to drink?' The great and good man thus addressed readily assented, and piloted the Englishman across Michigan Avenue into a drug-store and against a soda-fountain. 'What will you have, Mr. Besant?' he inquired, waving his hand toward the fountain. 'Gimme a pint of 'alf and 'alf,' promptly responded the novelist. The embarrassed pilot gasped, and explained that no 'strong' drinks could be bought there. Mr. Besant calmly adjusted his eyeglasses, looked the marble outfit over quizzically, and ejaculated: "It's one of those blarsted American fizzing machines! All right, sir; go ahead; do you choose for me. Pick out whatever you consider least dangerous.'"



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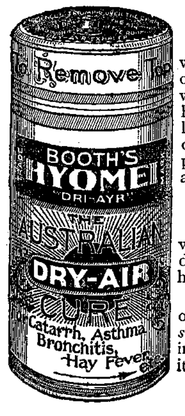
Bronchitis.

New York, Aug. 26, 1896.

My Dear Sir: I am very loath as a minister to give an endorsement to a patented article, but I feel it but just to you to say that I have used your Hyomei for Bronchitis with perfect success. I had a chronic cold last winter which stubbornly resisted every remedy for seven weeks. Your Hyomei gave me relief in one day, and enabled me to fill all my subsequent lecture dates with satisfaction.

(Rev.) **Thomas Dixon, Jr.,**
Pastor People's Church.



Clifton Forge, Va.,
May 14, 1896.

Dear Sir: The patient for whom I ordered Booth's Hyomei Pocket Inhaler, and who was suffering from Purulent Bronchitis, expectorating large quantities of purulent, offensive sputum, made a perfect recovery, and is now a healthy, robust young man.

R. S. Wiley, M.D.

Catarrh.

Newry, S. C., Aug. 12, 1896.

Dear Sir: I have used your Pocket Inhaler for Catarrh of the head and throat, and it has benefitted me wonderfully. I think there is nothing that equals it. I believe it is all that you claim it to be. I can highly recommend it to any one suffering from any kind of Catarrh.

W. W. Veal.

Colds.

Lyceum Theatre,
London, Sept. 6, 1896.

Dear Sir; It is quite true that I am using the Hyomei Pocket Inhaler and I have the greatest pleasure in strongly recommending it.

Faithfully yours, **Henry Irving.**

Asthma.

New Haven, Conn., May 5, 1896.

I have given Hyomei a thorough test during the past winter, consequently I have been able to go to bed and sleep without being disturbed by my old enemy, Asthma. Hyomei should be in every home in the land.

L. A. Kimberley,
P. O. Box 1102.

Catarrhal Deafness.

23 Marshall St.,
Hartford, Conn., May 1, 1896.

I am doing wonders in the way of relieving cases of Catarrhal Deafness with your Hyomei. I have also cured several cases of throat troubles caused by Catarrh, which their physicians failed to relieve. The Sealer of Weights and Measures had a sore throat most of the time, caused by chemicals which he used. I cured his throat and he has been the means of selling about 20 Outfits.

J. B. Stone.

La Grippe.

The author of the $1,000 prize story "Titus" says:

Staten Island, March 6, 1896.

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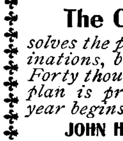

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Correspondence

[For other Correspondence see page 796]

A Criticism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your letter of October 15, 1896, was duly received. I should be glad to take your paper, but I think $3 is too high these times under a gold standard. Two dollars will buy as much now as $4 would a few years ago. As you are in favor of the existing gold standard, you ought to be satisfied to reduce the price of your paper to $2. You are too intelligent to believe that bimetallism will ever be established by the co-operation of Great Britain and the principal commercial nations, unless it is first established by the United States. What the St. Louis platform says about it is a "tub thrown to amuse the whale."

I am in favor of a paper currency based on gold and silver in the Government vaults, dollar for dollar. I would cancel all greenbacks and Treasury notes as fast as they are redeemed; have no banks of issue and circulation; wind up all national banks as fast as their charters expire; would favor and regulate banks of deposit and discount; issue government certificates on all the gold and silver bullion offered at the present weight and ratio, and make them a legal tender for all debts, public and private; coin the bullion at the convenience of the Government; pay creditors gold or silver at the option of the debtor; place gold and silver on an equality as money.

The country will then have a stable currency, not based on confidence or fiat money, and not liable to create a panic for fear it cannot or will not be kept on a par with gold, as the gold and silver parties alternate in power; a currency that will expand as fast as the wealth and population of the country expand. It will require no expert skill in banking to provide a currency of that kind. Such a revolution in the currency should be wrought out gradually, with a desire to produce as little disturbance of business and injustice as possible.

Very likely gold would go to a premium at first, but the immense demand for silver would so enhance its value that the two metals would soon circulate at par as money. Its commercial value, fixed by the gamblers of the stock exchange in London, Berlin, Paris, and New York, would fluctuate, but the mint value would be practically stable. Our experience from 1792 to 1873 shows that such a currency in substance could be established, if gold financiers would consent to it. Then the currency question would not be political.

It appears to me that the "two principles by which we may well be guided in times of moral perplexity," found on page 643 of The Outlook for October 10th, are too shadowy to be applied to this currency question, when you agree that we are suffering from the fraud of 1873 demonetizing silver, when the Matthews resolution, January 25-28, 1878, passed the Senate by a vote of two to one, and the House by a vote of three to one, provided "that to return to its coinage such silver coins as legal tender in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not a violation of the public faith, nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditors," when the House passed a free-coinage bill in 1890, which McKinley voted for, and when the Senate now has a majority of nine for free silver. If the doctrine of your two moral principles had prevailed, slavery never would have been abolished. Where one creditor will be hurt by free coinage, fifty debtors will be benefited; and many creditors will be more benefited by the appreciation of other property than hurt by decline in money.

If these low prices continue until a majority of the farmers become tenants of their creditors, the country at large will suffer more than it will if a few thousand creditors lose a few millions of dollars by the decline in money. Let me state a case. The great majority of our creditors are the holders of greenbacks, and the bonds bought with greenbacks. They cost, on an average, fifty cents on the dollar, measured in gold. Under a gold standard they have doubled in value by the appreciation of gold, giving them a profit of four dollars to one. Do you call that just? Would there be any injustice now to redeem the greenbacks and bonds in silver worth fifty-three cents on the dollar, measured by the commercial value (which is not the mint value) and 100 cents by the mint or money value?

I have tried to condense. Hope I am understood.

D. L. PRATT, Ex-Cir. Judge.

Hillsdale, Mich.

A Clergyman's View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Democracy and republican institutions are being greatly distrusted and discredited by those who have been unflinching supporters of popular government. Men and papers whose views naturally allied them with popular movements heretofore have become, strange to say, and in an hour when the Nation needed them most, either direct upholders of unrepublican policies, or apologizers for a business and economic system whose evils are widely felt and acknowledged.

Into certain aspects of this conduct The Outlook has entered, which, if the writer understand the position of an accredited independent catholic journal—a journal imbued with the scientific and social spirit—is a step its friends did not expect to see it take. To instance, The Outlook of June 27 said, in substance, that we are obliged to take the judgment of experts upon the money question, though experts are likely to be biased, or are not always disinterested parties; that the gold standard has worked great injury and injustice; that free coinage of silver would, without the consent of the leading nations to bimetallism, produce greater injustice and inequality; and that, therefore, we had better remain under a gold standard, though serious evils attend it, until bimetallism is secured by international agreement. The admissions in the above declaration are all that the gold-standard advocates asked in the opening of the campaign, as subsequent discussion has proven.

The first admission is that the money question must be referred to experts; the next is that silver monometallism would be worse than gold monometallism; the third is that bimetallism cannot exist without the joint agreement of nations.

These neutralize completely the accusations, which are, first, that experts may be selfish; and, second, that gold has wrought great injustice.

Now, the logic of all who have supported the St. Louis platform is that expert judgment assures the only safe financial policy; that the people are not capable of rendering a just decision upon so important a matter, and, therefore, they should vote for a financial system proposed by those who believe that gold is the only sound basis for money, or is the only money furnished by commercial experience and nature; that no legislation is needed upon the question. Hence The Outlook's first admission is made the reason for shifting the whole question of finance from the people, from legislation, from Congress, to the men who are called experts, and these are the few who have pronounced the gold standard sound and safe. This virtually distrusts the popular convictions, which are bimetallic, and which have arisen, not out of unmoral nor immoral people, but out of those basic virtues which declare what is just and right between men.

Concerning the second admission of The Outlook, that silver would be worse than gold as the only basic money, it turns out that the party The Outlook supports holds, in the arguments made, that the gold standard has no evils and has not wrought great injustice, and hence it is not to be set aside. And as to having bimetallism by international agreement, the arguments of this party are that the commercial nations do not want bimetallism. This was the only thing in The Outlook's deliverance that pointed to the settlement of the question by popular consent; and yet, after the Republican leaders, speakers, and interpreters have spent the time in this campaign in showing that bimetallism has proven a failure in the commercial nations, it seeks to swell the vote for Mr. McKinley in a series of editorials saying that he is more likely to secure bimetallism for us than Mr. Bryan. If this party had made an argument throughout the discussion harmonizing with its plank on the money issue, or had acknowledged the evils of the present system and that we must get around to bimetallism as soon as possible, The Outlook would not be in quite so bad an attitude, and it would not have given substantial aid to views that seriously distrust the popular mind of this country. The Outlook contends strongly for democracy and the acceptance of democracy's results, though these may involve some evils; but this writer has noticed that when a real issue arises in politics—not in religion or theology—it departs from its creed.

It is time for journals and teachers who feed the social virtues to show absolute or practical faith in their philosophy.

G. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Pastor M. E. Church.

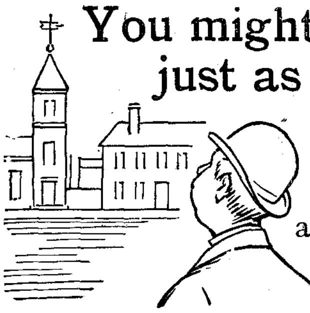
Glenwood, Mo.

Had Never Picked a Flower

Thirty-five boys and girls in Chicago, who recently applied for admission to the Joseph Medill Summer School, were asked to answer the following six questions: 1. Were you ever in the woods? 2. Did you ever see the lake? 3. Did you ever pick a flower? 4. Were you ever in the park? 5. Did you ever ride in a wagon behind horses? 6. Did you ever ride in a car on the railroad?

On examining the answers it was found that thirty out of thirty-five had never been in the woods, nineteen had never seen Lake Michigan, eight had never picked a flower. During the writing of the answers one little girl was found to be crying bitterly. On inquiry it was discovered that she had been obliged to answer no to nearly all the questions, and "was afraid she wouldn't pass." The Secretary of the Bureau of Charities, in relating the incident, said: "She had never seen Lake Michigan, never picked a flower, never been in the woods, but she understood perfectly well an examination."

—M. Émile Zola, who is an expert bicyclist, is, according to a Parisian journal, so fond of the wheel that he has made up his mind to write a novel about it. The novel is to follow the book entitled "Paris." The development of the cycling movement, in M. Zola's opinion, is destined to produce a race of vigorous young men and women.



You might just as well try to blow around a weather vane as to help some people by pointing out the right way. They won't see it. Even if you prove to them that it's the easiest way, and the safest, and cheapest, they won't walk in it. But this isn't so with all. It's only a few, comparatively. We're not complaining. There are millions of women who have seized on Pearline's way of washing—glad to save their labor, time, clothes, and money with it. Most women don't need much urging when they fully understand all the help that comes with Pearline. 500

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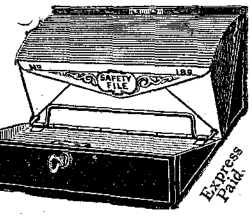

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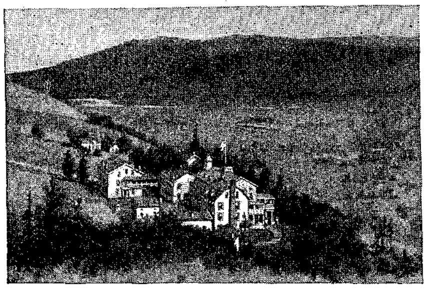

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Notes and Queries

1. Does Christ teach that God is the Father of all men? If so, where? Was not the Sermon on the Mount, in which the Fatherhood of God is implicitly taught, addressed primarily to the disciples alone? Does not Christ, in John viii., 41 ff., explicitly deny that God is the Father of some? Do you think the preaching of the universal Fatherhood of God is harmful on the ground that men, if taught that they already are sons of God, will think nothing further is necessary? 2. In Matt. xix., 17, where Christ asks, "Why callest thou me good?" does he deny his own sinlessness? 3. How does Kains's "Introduction to Philosophy" rank, and by whom is it published? 4. I notice a recent correspondent asks for a text-book on systematic theology written from the standpoint of modern scholarship, and you reply, "There is none." I think "An Outline of Christian Theology," by Professor William N. Clarke, of Hamilton Theological Seminary, which can be obtained direct of Dr. Clarke, would be the thing your correspondent desires. R. A. A.

1. The parable of the Prodigal Son, referring as it does to "publicans and sinners," is conclusive proof that Jesus taught the universal Fatherhood of God. The text you refer to does not deny this, but shows only what men make themselves to be, as in Matt. xxiii., 15 (R. V. *marg.*). The preaching of this truth is no more harmful than preaching what Paul referred to as "the goodness of God [which] leadeth thee to repentance" (Rom. ii., 4). 2. No; see R. V. and *margin*. In reading the different version of this saying found in Mark x., 18, Luke xviii., 19, emphasize the "*why*." This will put you on the line of Jesus's suggestion to his inquirer, viz., that if the address "Good Master" conveyed more than a compliment, it practically acknowledged Jesus's authority to answer him by the Spirit of God, since he could be really good only as God was in him. 3 We do not know the book, and have endeavored to find it without success. 4. Another friend writes: "Dr. Clarke's 'Outline' is one of the best books I know on the subject. It is written from the standpoint of modern scholarship." The Baptist Publication Society, Fifth Avenue, New York, can supply it, at $2.50.

Please explain to me the essential difference, if any, between the Unitarians and the Liberal Orthodox. One sometimes hears it said by a Unitarian in speaking of a minister of the Liberal Orthodox variety, "He is a good enough Unitarian for me," and yet he always denies that he is a Unitarian.

A CONSTANT READER.

Those who make such remarks upon single sermons would qualify them after a three months' hearing. The essential, though not the only important, difference is in their estimate of Jesus. Unitarians believe Jesus to have been of human parentage on both sides, and to have been related to God precisely as we are. The Liberal Orthodox accept the Virgin Birth, and ascribe to Jesus an authority superior to human criticism.

I have been intensely interested in two editorials in your issue of October 17—"A Theological Etching" and "The Invalid." I like the theology that they breathe. Will you be kind enough to state the title or titles of one, two, or three volumes that give a system of such theology? C.

There is a legion of books which are pervaded by such theological ideas, but for systematic theology of that kind see President Hyde's "Outlines of Social Theology" (The Macmillan Company), and Professor W. N. Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology," a larger work, to be had of the Baptist Publication Society, New York.

Please tell me why the inhabitants of the District of Columbia are not allowed to vote for Presidential electors. I have tried to find out, but no one of whom I have inquired is able to enlighten me. I cannot conceive of any reason for the prohibition.

F. A. J.

For the same reason that the inhabitants of the Territories have likewise no vote. The Constitution, framed before the District or Territories were organized, provides for the choice of electors in the States only, in such manner as each State may determine.

A. H.—Your letter has unfortunately been mislaid, so that its queries cannot be reproduced, though answered from memory. For the influence of the North African Church upon Christian theology, see J. B. Heard's "Alexandrian and Carthaginian Theology" (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh). As to what can be said for the influence of Egypt, see J. F. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." Oriental influences manifested themselves mainly in the Gnostic and Manichæan heresies, which the Church successfully withstood. The development of Mariolatry owes little to any specific outside source. The same may be said for Christian eschatology. As to Bishop Brooks's cure of his stammering, we can only repeat, from hearsay, that he overcame it by forcing himself into a habit of rapid speech.

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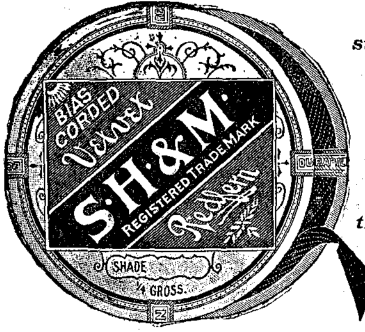

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THOSE answering advertisements appearing in The Outlook will confer a favor upon the advertiser as well as the publisher by mentioning this publication.

Ex-President Harrison on Coercion

Last Sunday evening ex-President Harrison thus vigorously denounced the attempt to coerce workingmen and the counsel to workingmen to render a feigned submission to the attempt when made:

"My friends, Mr. Bryan assumes that Mr. Ingalls and I have justified coercion. It is an assumption absolutely without truth. [Great applause.] Mr. Ingalls has publicly proclaimed that every employee of every railroad in his charge should be free to vote as he pleased. [Applause.] He has publicly declared that if any subordinate of his dismissed any man because of his political opinions, or attempted in any way to coerce his action and vote, he would dismiss that man and reinstate the workingman that was dismissed. [Applause.]

"It is not a question at all of justifying coercion. I denounce it; I have always denounced it. I have always proclaimed as American doctrine that every man should vote according to the dictates of his own conscience [applause]; that no man should coerce him, and that his vote, when cast, should be honestly counted. This gentleman does me wrong when he imputes to me any acquiescence in the suggestion that the vote of any man shall be coerced.

"But what of his position? My view of the situation is that if any railroad president, if any employer of labor, attempts to control the political convictions of any employee, he should assert his manhood then and there [great applause], and declare to that president or employer that he would vote as he pleased [continued applause], and that declaration of his will be supported by everybody. [Great applause.]

"I will undertake to defend this principle everywhere, not only here, but if an instance of this kind is brought to my attention I will pledge myself as a citizen and a lawyer to rebuke it. [Great applause.] What shall be said, however, of the suggestion that Mr. Bryan makes? I would have the workingman assert his manhood; not only vote as he pleases, but wear the button that he pleases [applause], march in the parade that he pleases, and ask no man's consent. [Applause.]

"I cannot think of stultification that goes further than for a man to cover his face with a mask and march under a banner that he declares he has to use to conceal his face in order to keep his place. [Applause.] That is not the spirit of a free man, and Mr. Bryan greatly undervalues the manhood of the American workingman when he commends such a programme as that to him. [Applause.] He greatly undervalues the sense of fairness of the American people; for I undertake to say that if there were one well-authenticated instance in the city of Indianapolis where the poorest workingman had been coerced in his convictions, the entire press of the city, the entire public sentiment of the city, would be felt in condemnation of the base act. [Applause.]"

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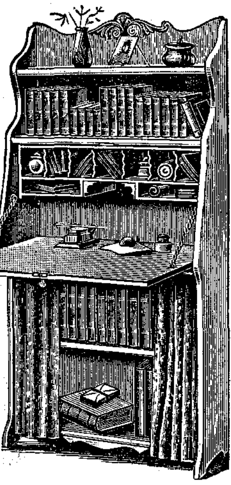

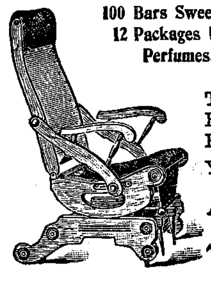

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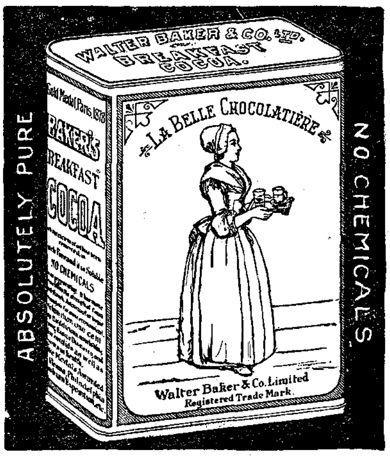

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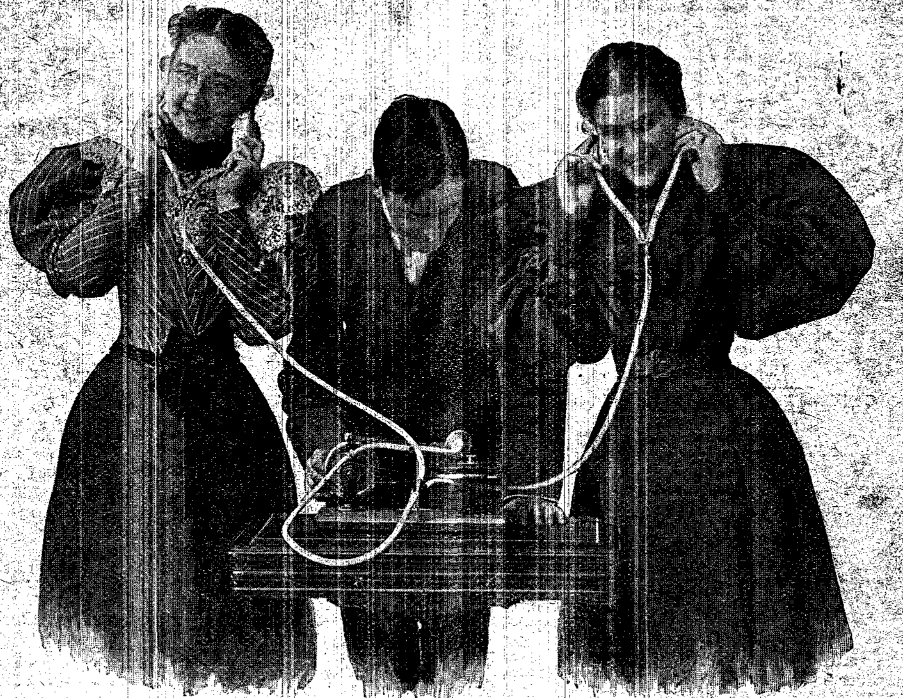

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